★Aug. 23, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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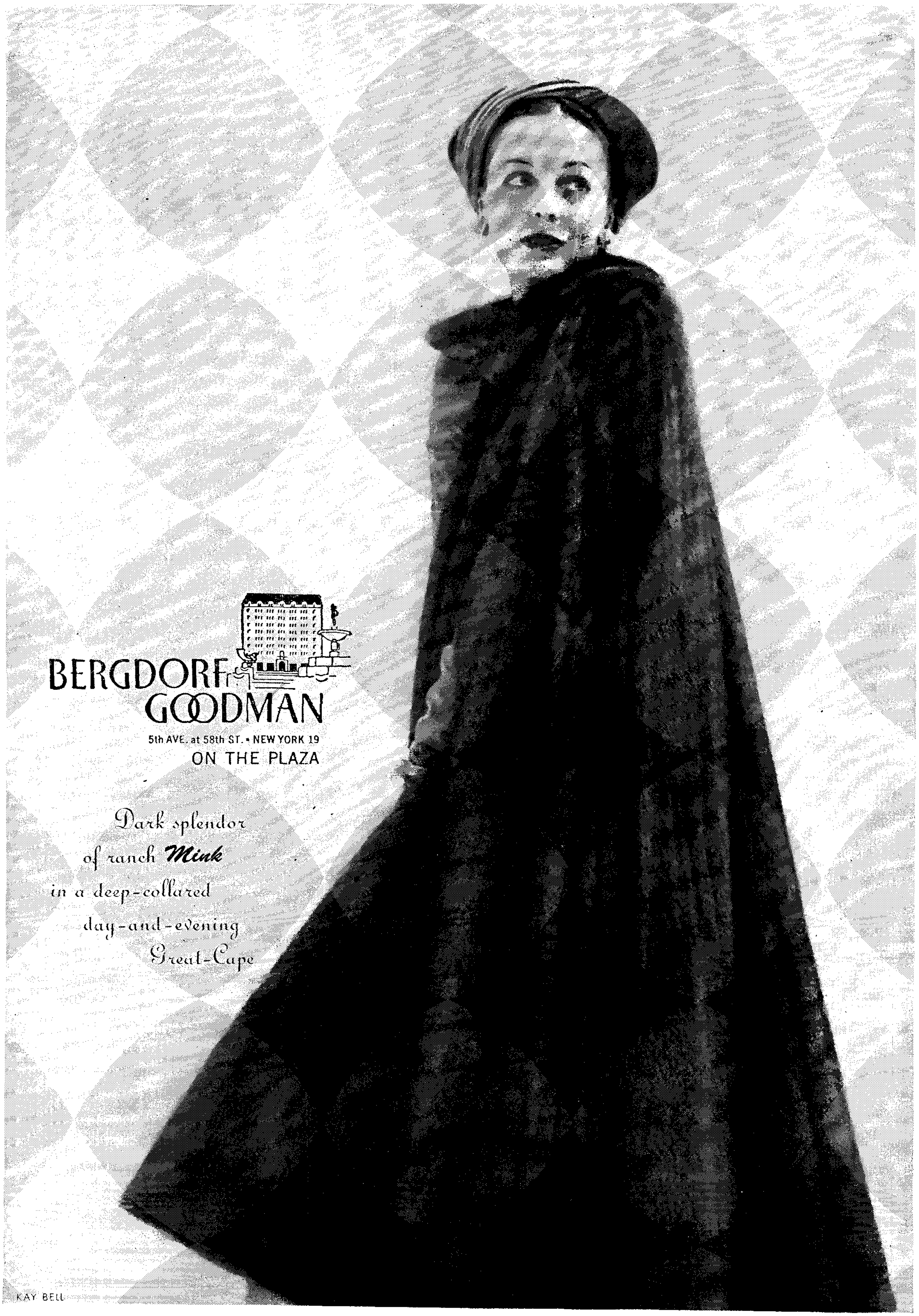
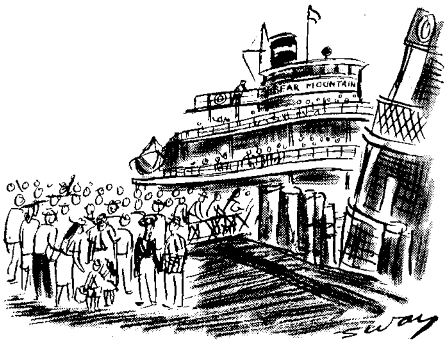

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA
Dark splendor
of ranch Mink
in a deep-collared
day-and-evening
Great-Cape
KAY BELL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—The old one about a drunken comedian. It doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as comic, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves from Lenore Lonergan and Ronnie Jacoby. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 9-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Paul Douglas in the business about a conniving junk dealer, with Adele Robertson filling in for Judy Holliday. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **happy birthday:** Helen Hayes as the girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** James Stewart has replaced Frank Fay as the pal of that rabbit. Josephine Hull stays on. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy about Republican politics and principles. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Currently with Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical piece about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. David Wayne, Dorothy Claire, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to swarm over, with loyal assistance from June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: The Ethel Merman frolic. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **call me mister:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **oklahoma!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may come across a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are frequently subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, Aug. 21: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday, Aug. 25: "Twelfth Night." Tuesday, Aug. 26: "Payment Deferred." Wednesday, Aug. 27: "The Hasty Heart." Thursday, Aug. 28: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Friday, Aug. 29: "Years Ago." Saturday, Aug. 30: "Arsenic and Old Lace." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Night Must Fall." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, Aug. 23 (end of the season): "Years Ago." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly at 8:30.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Pursuit of Happiness." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Ilka Chase in a new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Over 21." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-30: A new play, "Personal Island." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-31: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Julie Haydon in "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "Three's a Family." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: A new play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, "Almost Faithful." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: To be announced. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Richard Arlen in "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30 (end of the season): Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: "Chicken Every Sunday." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-31: "The Philadelphia Story." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30 (end of the season): Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:35.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: The American première of a London play, "Pink String and Sealing Wax." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "Best Foot Forward." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinée Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "Dear Ruth." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "My Sister Eileen." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-30: A new play, "The Name of

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Action." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: A new musical comedy, "Once Upon a Holiday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30 (end of the season): "Laura." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: A new play, "Something on the Ball." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: The Hartmans in a new musical comedy, "Heaven Help the Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Conrad Nagel in "The Petrified Forest." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Love from a Stranger." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: To be announced. (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Faye Emerson in a new play, "Profile." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Paul Muni in "Counsellor-at-Law." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Will Geer and Leatrice Joy in "The Magnificent Yankee." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Leatrice Joy in "I Remember Mama." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Blithe Spirit." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-30: "The Night of January 16th." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Desert Song." Starting Monday, Aug. 25: "Rio Rita." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Kiss and Tell." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "Years Ago." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 21: "Uncle Vanya." Friday, Aug. 22: "Androcles and the Lion." Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Great Big Doorstep." Wednesday, Aug. 27: "Among Ourselves." Thursday, Aug. 28: "An American Tragedy." Friday, Aug. 29: "The Great Big Doorstep." Saturday, Aug. 30: "The Sea Gull." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Apple of His Eye." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Shirley Booth in "My Sister Eileen." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: "Uncle Harry." Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-31: A new play by Gian-Carlo Menotti, "A Copy of Madame Aupic." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Curtain Rises." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "Arsenic and Old Lace." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Ruth Chatterton in "Caprice." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: "The Male Animal." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-31: "The Walrus and the Carpenter." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: A new play, "Return at Night." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Nancy Walker and Robert Alda in a new comedy, "Horace." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: To be announced. (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "No Exit." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Ridgefield—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "State of the Union." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-30: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-31: Faye Emerson in a new play, "Profile." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Florence Reed in "Rebecca." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: "On Borrowed Time." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: "Thunder Rock." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Peggy Conklin in "Dream Girl." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Louise Allbritton in "There's Always Juliet." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: To be announced. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Fay Bainter in a new play, "The Skull Beneath the Skin." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 25-30: Alfred Drake in "The Pursuit of Happiness." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: Elissa Landi in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-31: "Three's a Family." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays, Aug. 24 and 31, and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—An underground spa, with soothing greenery to look at and Basil Fomeen's gentle music to dance to.

WIN
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SHOW 2589

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, at the salubrious altitude of nineteen floors, offers Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, at dinner and supper, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Interior decoration that some people don't believe even when they see it. Piano music during dinner, and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room will reopen on Thursday, Aug. 28, with Jimmy Savo at dinner and supper, and dance music by Emile Petti's orchestra.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There are no rocking chairs on this summer porch, but it's well back from the street and in a nice location, just the same. Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dean Murphy, an imitator, backed up by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof offers dinner and supper dancing to Jack Fina's orchestra, and Ginny Simms sings at supper. Mischa Borr's rumba band is on hand all evening.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock, and by Les Crosley at cocktails and dinner.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. (Closed weekends during the summer.) ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent plays the piano until nine.... **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A casual corner, where a small orchestra plays for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty.... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley's piano music after nine.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in the Village includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The midsummer doldrums here are at least partially relieved by Rose Murphy, playing the piano and chirping to herself (through Sunday, Aug. 24); Dave Martin's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello, all churning around to very little purpose.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, an ornamental singer who succeeds in stopping nearly all the customers from chattering for a few minutes. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, making it worth your while to brave this vast, pink satin roundhouse.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): A summer collection of not much consequence. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S.,

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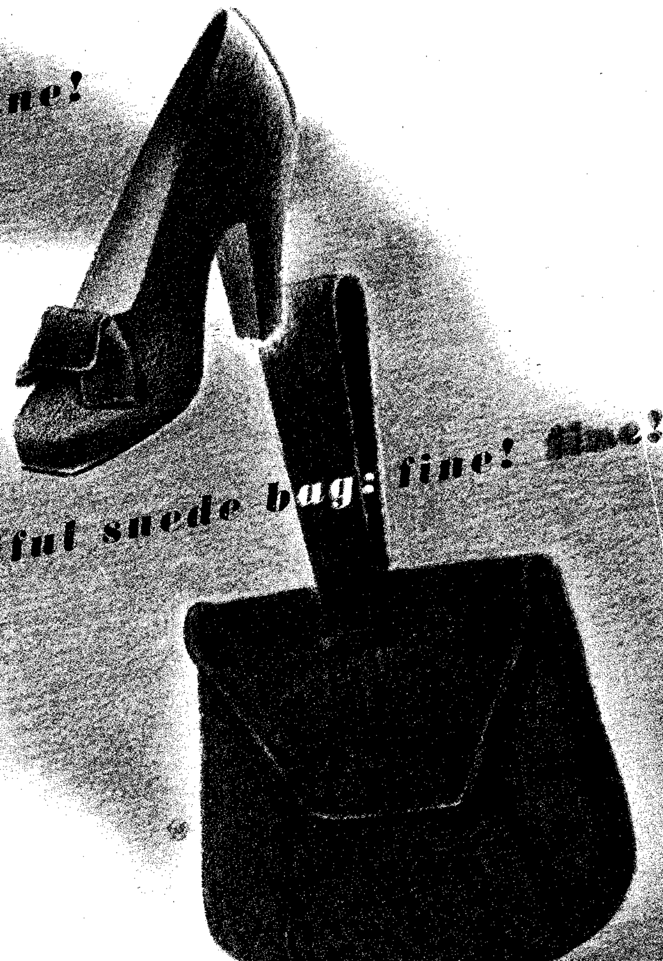

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This familiar basement offers Maxine Sullivan, Jay Marshall, and the Three Flames; dancing. Closes for a week after Friday, Aug. 29. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): A weather-beaten belfry, presided over by Spivy herself, warming her wits at the piano. There's also some cheerful fooling around by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Music to inflame the savage breast by such performers as Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Pee Wee Russell. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, with other students of the art dropping in to take a hand. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Freddie Ohms, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, blowing both hot and blue. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio; a jam session every Monday evening. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Dizzy Gillespie's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): The Grill will reopen on Thursday, Aug. 28, with Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A thirty-first-story balcony offering a superb view of Parks Commissioner Moses' little acre. Alfred Menconi's orchestra and a small show. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A breezy vacation lodge in the trampled wilds of Central Park; dancing. . . . CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): Like Grant's Tomb, a Riverside Drive landmark, but equipped with a kitchen and a dance floor. . . . BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The view of where you came from compensates for the long ride from Manhattan; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Shep Fields' orchestra. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253). . . . CENTERPORT, L.I.: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends. . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

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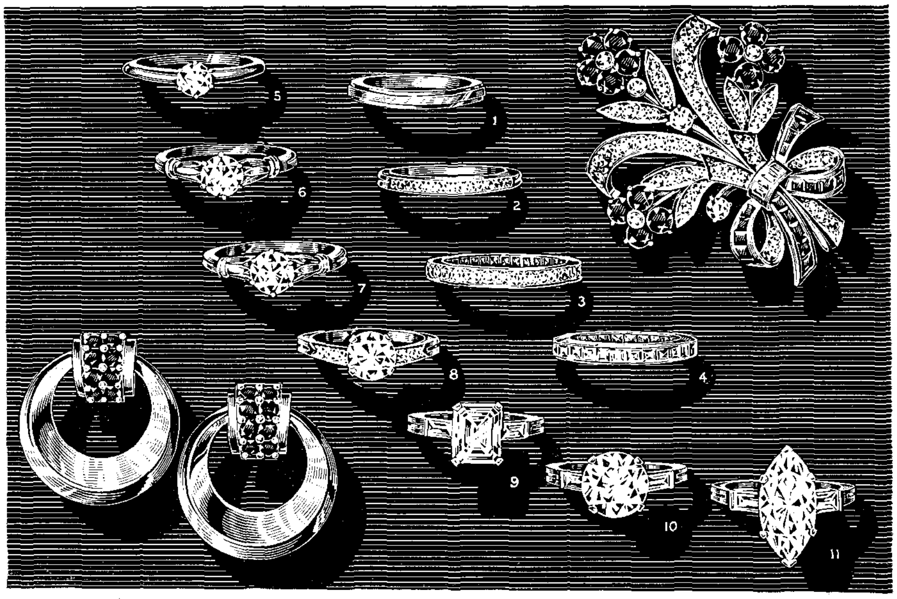

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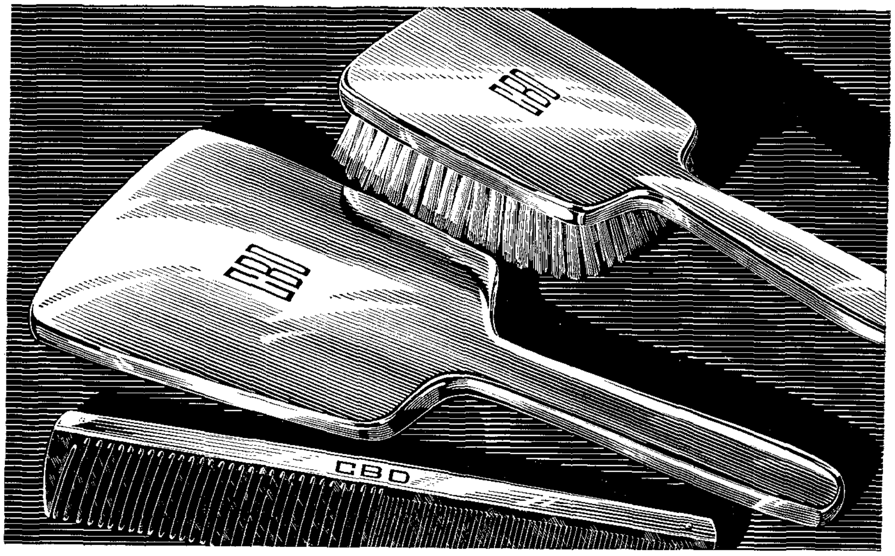

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

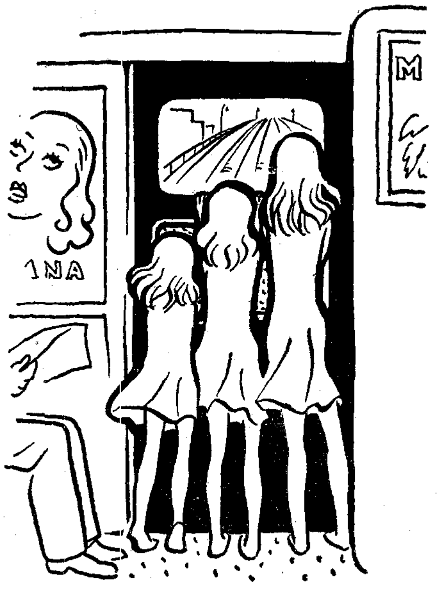
nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns. . . . CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg, Ralph Kerkam, and other artists affiliated with this gallery. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's home team of exhibitors. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary and Early American oils and water colors. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings. . . . NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY, 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and a few sculptors. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.

AMERICAN FOLK ART—Paintings, as well as weathervanes, figureheads, and other examples of primitive handicrafts, recently acquired by the Downtown Gallery; also, a show of contemporary paintings. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Aug. 29.)

OUT OF TOWN—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.) . . . ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.) . . . ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) . . . ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) . . . ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Guild Hall, East Hampton, N.Y. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 6 P.M.) . . . ¶ Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) . . . ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) . . . ¶ George Baer Gallery, Salisbury, Conn. (Daily, 2 to 6 P.M.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait



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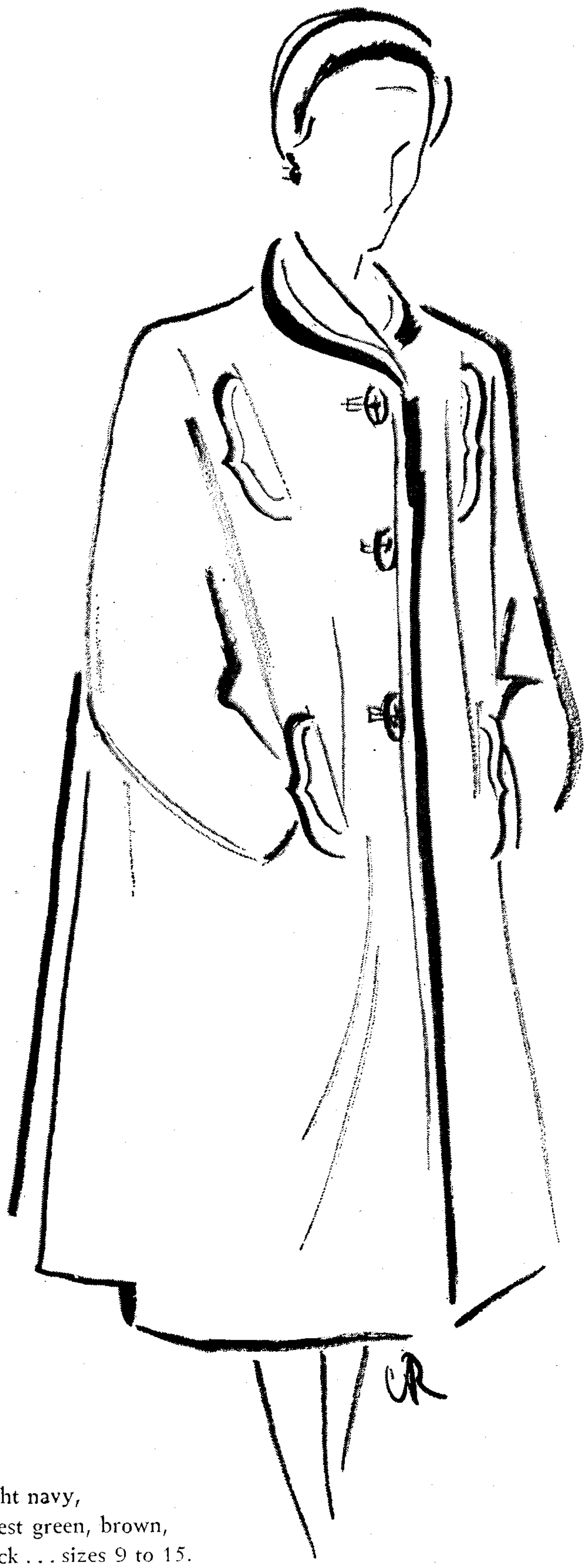

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to modern ones; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of figurines, seals, snuffboxes, and all sorts of other small things, arranged so that you can look at them without squinting; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to a display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings, in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of Alfred Stieglitz's photographic work; through Aug. 31. Also Stieglitz's collection of paintings; through Sept. 21. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, Jean Xceron, and Lloyd Ney. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

OPERA—Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 22-24, at 8:40: "Hänsel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 29-31, at 8:40: "Don Giovanni," in English. (Lemonade Opera, Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

OUT OF TOWN—Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, Aug. 24, at 4, and Friday afternoons, Aug. 22 and 29, at 3.) . . . ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Hänsel and Gretel." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday evening, Aug. 22, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:45 P.M., Friday, Aug. 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8:45 P.M., and Thursday, Aug. 28, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. St. Louis. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 24-26, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Giants. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 1:30 P.M., Yankees vs. Washington.

BOXING—Laverne Roach vs. Tommy Bell, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Aug. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOWS—North Shore Kennel Club. (Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 23.) . . . ¶ Northwestern Connecticut Dog Club. (Watertown, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Catonsville Kennel Club. (Baltimore, Md. Saturday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ Lenox Kennel Club. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 30.)

HORSE SHOWS—Mt. Pocono Horse Show. (Mt. Pocono, Pa. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 22-24.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 23-24.) . . . ¶ Bethlehem Horse Show. (Beth-

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INTERNAL REVENUE

lehem, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Rhinebeck Dutchess County Horse Show. (Rhinebeck, N.Y. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 28-29.) . . . ¶ Saratoga County Agricultural Society Horse Show. (Ballston Spa, N.Y. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va.; starting Saturday, Aug. 30.)

Polo—At **bostwick field**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **meadow brook club**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **fairfield county hunt club**, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At **saratoga**: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 23; the Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 30. . . . **atlantic city**: Daily at 2:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 23. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station at 10:50 A.M., D.S.T.) . . . **garden state**: Weekdays, starting Monday, Aug. 25; post time to be announced. The Camden Handicap, Aug. 25. (A special train to the track will leave Penn Station at 10:50 A.M., D.S.T.)

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; through Saturday, Aug. 23.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Challenge Round. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.; starting Saturday, Aug. 30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . **saratoga springs, n.y.**: Daily at 8:15 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 23.

Yachting—Sidney J. Treat Memorial Race. (City Island, N.Y. Sunday, Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Championship Races on the Sound: Riverside Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 23; New York Athletic Club, Sunday, Aug. 24; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 30.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

American Legion Parade—If you like parades, this ought to give you anywhere from nine to twelve hours of pure delight. Otherwise, by all means get out of town. Young and old, the veterans will start their hike at 9:30 A.M. on Saturday, Aug. 30, heading north along Fifth Avenue from 32nd Street to 78th Street.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Drama of the Telescope." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of New York slums that Jacob Riis took in the eighteen-nineties, as a part of his crusade for social reform. Interesting as examples of early flashlight photography, and as contradictions of the legend that the old days were good. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—A.B.C. Symphony, Valter Poole conducting, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Aug. 24, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, Aug. 24, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Zino Francescatti, violin, Monday, Aug. 25, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Friday, Aug. 22 (from Berlin), and Friday, Aug. 29 (from London), both at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—In spite of all the rapt comments you may have heard about this narrative of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, it is frequently just slick and pretentious. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd; Riverside, B'way at 96th; Nemo, B'way at 110th; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st; through Aug. 26.)

Black Narcissus—Superb Technicolor camera work and Himalayan settings (made in England) lift this above the ordinary, although the Rumer Godden story of a group of nuns in a fantastic mountaintop palace has its drawbacks as movie material. Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Sabu are in the cast. (Fulton, 210 W. 46th.)

Crossfire—A film in which the murder of a Jew sets off an exploration of anti-Semitism that is often strongly effective. Robert Ryan is outstanding as a typical American Fascist, and Sam Levene is altogether persuasive as the victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

Dear Ruth—A good many of the situations in this modest comedy about romantic mixups during the war are rather patly devised, but the cast, which includes Edward Arnold, Billy De Wolfe, and Joan Caulfield, makes a good share of them fairly funny. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; Olympia, B'way at 107th; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; starting Aug. 27.)

Great Expectations—Charles Dickens' novel gets such loving treatment that it is possible to overlook many of the story's more preposterous aspects. The acting and photography are as skillful as anyone could ask. An English picture. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; through Aug. 22.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th; through Aug. 26.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; starting Aug. 23.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; starting Aug. 26.)

The Hucksters—There's a trifle too much of Clark Gable's determined charm in this version of Frederic Wakeman's book about advertising, but Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou work up some amusing scenes. (Capitol, B'way at 51st; through Aug. 27.)

Life with Father—A practically perfect transfer of the play to the screen, in Technicolor, for which everybody involved is to be congratulated. That includes Donald Ogden Stewart, writer of the screen play, Michael Curtiz, the director, the late Clarence Day, who started it all, and the cast—William Powell, Irene Dunne, Zasu Pitts, and the youngster Derek Scott, among others. (Warner, B'way at 51st.)

Miracle on 34th Street—A most entertaining, if unseasonable, Christmas fantasy that spoofs such things as high-pressure merchandising methods and big-league psychiatry. Edmund Gwenn. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Aug. 21.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Aug. 25.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd; starting Aug. 27.)

Odd Man Out—A grim and alarming man hunt makes up the first part of this picture, but the rest of it dissolves abruptly into a morass of mysticism. An English film, with James Mason. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; through Aug. 22.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; through Aug. 23.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; through Aug. 25.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Aug. 24-27.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th; starting Aug. 27.)

Open City—A powerful Italian piece concerning the wartime underground in Rome. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Hollywood has added a lot of confusion to James Thurber's story, but Danny Kaye helps to compensate for any inadequacies with some fine comic turns. Such disparate individuals as Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Based on the play about a painter who likes to throttle his wives once he has finished their portraits. Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Aug. 21.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; through Aug. 22.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Aug. 23.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; through Aug. 24.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; and Carlton, B'way at 100th; Aug. 23-25.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Aug. 26.)

Welcome Stranger—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, who are rapidly becoming the Beery-Hatton combination of this generation, in a film dealing with doctors. Mr. Fitzgerald is lovable, Mr. Crosby is lyrical, and Joan Caulfield, who assists them, is beautiful. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd.)

REVIVALS

Brief Encounter (1946)—A cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." British, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Aug. 21.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Aug. 22-25.)

Colonel Effingham's Raid (1946)—Charles Coburn as a Southern newspaperman battling civic evildoers in a Georgia town. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Aug. 24-27.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th; through Aug. 26, with only an afternoon performance on the last day.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Aug. 23. ... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, Aug. 22-25.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, Aug. 24-26.)

Home in Indiana (1944)—Trotting horses and young love. With Walter Brennan and Jeanne Crain. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Aug. 25-27.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Aug. 24-25.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Aug. 25-27.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 25.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; starting Aug. 26.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden. Also with Cary Grant. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 26.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 21.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, Charles Winninger. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Aug. 23-25.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; through Aug. 23.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Beacon, B'way at 74th; Aug. 24-26.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin music. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 27.)

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett and Roland Young. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Aug. 27.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Aug. 21, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: "Fährmann Maria" (1936).... ¶ Aug. 22-24, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Eternal Mask" (1936).... ¶ Starting Aug. 25: "Olympia," Part I (1939), at 4 P.M. only. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Aug. 27: **THE HUCKSTERS.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.

Fulton, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
BLACK NARCISSUS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Roosevelt Story." (Première on Aug. 21 at 8:30 P.M.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Aug. 21: **NOTORIOUS**, revival.
Aug. 22: "The Bells of St. Mary's," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby.
Aug. 23: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**, revival.
Aug. 24: "The Spanish Main," revival, Paul Henreid.
Aug. 25: **LOVE AFFAIR**, revival.
Aug. 26: **MY FAVORITE WIFE**, revival.
Aug. 27: **TOP HAT**, revival.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
WELCOME STRANGER.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Aug. 27: "Copacabana," Carmen Miranda, Groucho Marx.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 21: "Dust Be My Destiny," revival, John Garfield; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.
From Aug. 22: "Deep Valley," Ida Lupino, Dane Clark.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Through Aug. 27: "Gunfighters," Randolph Scott.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Green for Danger," Leo Genn.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
Through Aug. 26: **FANTASIA**, revival. (Only an afternoon performance on Aug. 26.)
From Aug. 27: "Shoe-Shine" (in Italian).

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Aug. 22: "Star Without Light" (in French).
From Aug. 23 (tentative): "Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.

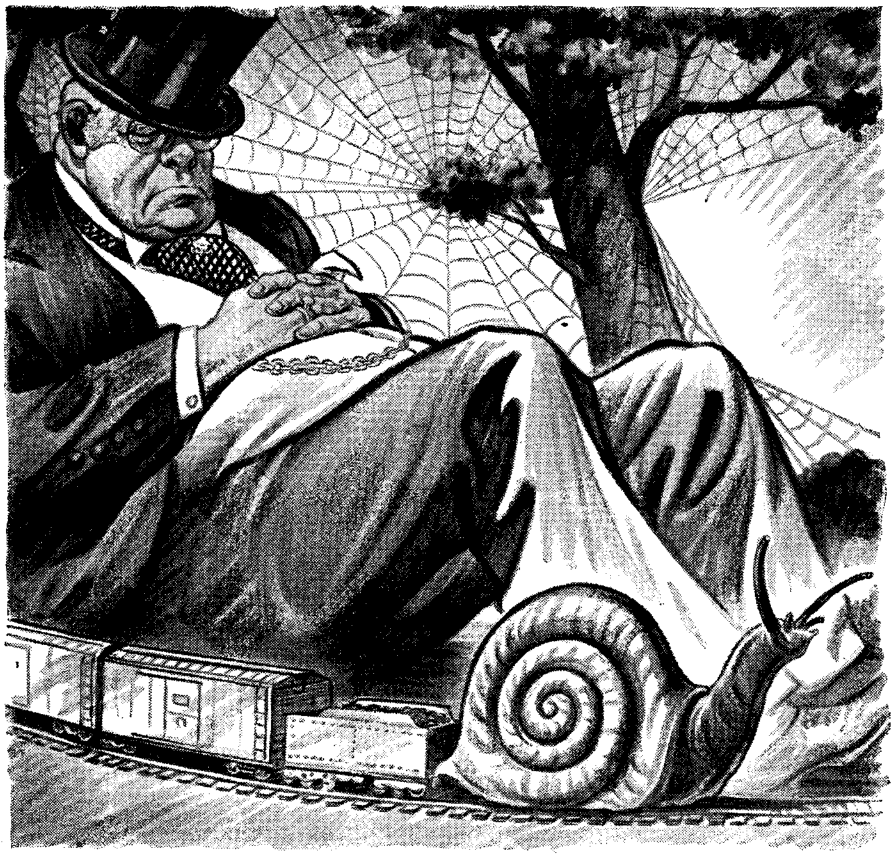
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
"The Murderer Lives at No. 21" (in French).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

Let's Wake Up Rip Van Winkle!

Millions of bushels of food may rot in our fields this harvest time, instead of being available to the world's markets—because we are short of freight cars. Here is a way that thousands of cars can be freed for service in a hurry.



Are old-line managements asleep in the dell while many freight trains creep at a snail's pace—by agreement?

ARE you interested in the price of food? Does it give you a twinge to see those pictures of mountains of wheat piled on the ground and potatoes going to rot—when there's a desperate world food crisis?

The bottle-neck is our freight-car shortage. But thousands of cars could be freed by a single decision—if old-line railroad managements would act.

Don't Blame the War!

This is hard to believe, but it's true: we have today only three-fourths as many freight cars in our country as we had twenty years ago. This shrunken fleet is now called on to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history. And the war itself is not to blame for the shortage—for in no single year from 1925 to the start of hostilities did the railroad industry buy as many cars as it junked. Twenty years is a long time for even Rip Van Winkle to sleep!

What Can Be Done?

There is at least one remedy that can be applied at once—despite the steel shortage and other difficulties in car-building. This remedy requires no new equipment, no period of time—nothing but an act of management:

Lift what appear to be agreements between railroads that deliberately slow down freight trains!

Here is an example. There are eight important routes by which you can ship "fast" freight from California to Chicago. These routes vary in length as much as 450 miles. But, curiously, the time schedule for each of the eight is exactly 118 hours—and 30 minutes!

Similarly, scheduled freight trains moving west over the important routes from Chicago to the Coast areas, despite great differences in terrain and mileage, take exactly 130 hours—on the nose!

Is This Free Competition?

Could it be that these schedules are fixed by agreement? That the trains which could be fastest are held back for the slowest—so that no road can have even the slightest competitive advantage?

Railroad men know that, in many instances, a whole day could be cut off these schedules between California and Chicago—if managements would simply order it. If that were done, on these roads and on others, it would ease the national car shortage at once!

There is good reason to believe that by lifting deliberate freight slowdowns, on the roads that still practice them, *we could provide more cars this summer and fall than our shops can possibly build.* And every car is desperately needed!

A Call For Action!

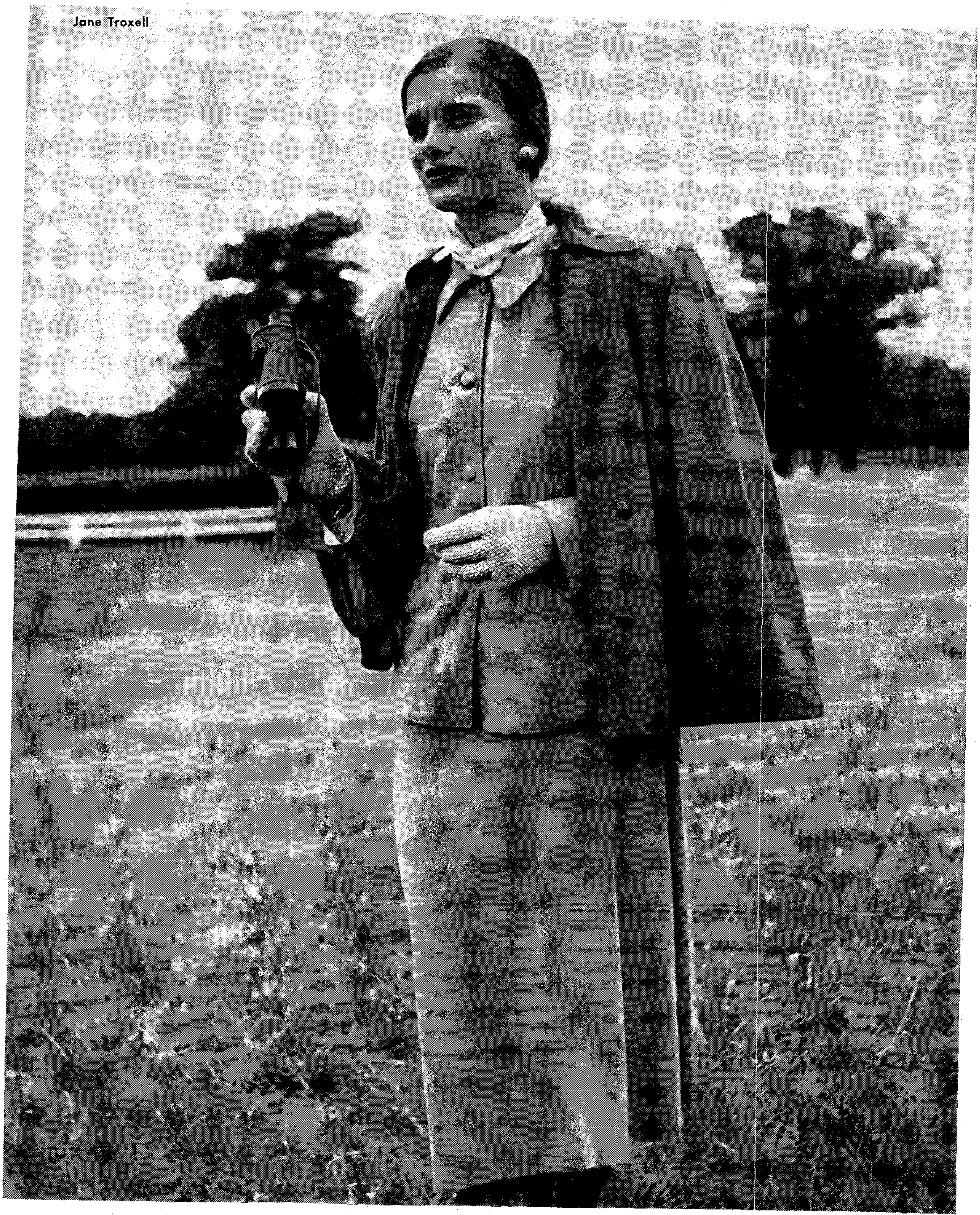
The next few weeks will be the critical ones in our food problem. Our wheat crop is estimated to exceed any previous record by 300 million bushels. *It is even now being piled in the fields—for want of cars.*

If you feel as strongly about this as the C&O does, write to your newspaper and your congressman.

Ask them to stir up Rip Van Winkle—and tell him that time is short. Demand that our trains be scheduled not merely to suit the private deals of the railroads, but so that we can make the best use, for the whole public, of our depleted stock of freight cars!

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio



SUEDE STORY . . . BUTTER-SMOOTH SUEDE IN A SUIT AND SHORT FLARED-BACK COAT. SUIT, STRAIGHT-CUT AND BELTED WITH BEAUTIFULLY SELF-FINISHED BUTTONS. IN PALE HONEY, BUTTER YELLOW, KELLY GREEN, CINNAMON, SLATE BLUE OR GREY. SIZES 10 TO 18. SUIT, 59.95; COAT, 59.95. SPORTSWEAR, THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INFLATION NOTE: The kids of Provincetown, Massachusetts, who for many a summer have dived off the town pier to retrieve pennies tossed in the sea by amiable vacationers, won't budge this season for less than a nickel.

INTERNATIONAL CULINARY NOTE: The luncheon menu in the Delegates' Dining Room at United Nations headquarters recently featured "Broiled Chopped Sirloin Steak Stalin"—hamburger with horseradish sauce.

WE think that Governor Dewey has been unfairly charged with failing to take a stand on significant public questions. Actually, over the last few months he has frankly expressed his views on almost every major issue, as the opportunity came up, and we believe a brief recapitulation is in order. On June 2nd, in a letter to the head of an organization staging a fashion fair in Madison Square Garden, he presented his solution for the international crisis. He stated explicitly:

> Now we are said to be facing critical times. There can be no better answer to critical times than events such as the Fashion Fair, where an entire industry puts its best foot forward for all the world to see.

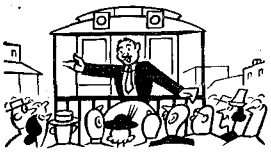
On June 23rd, in a message to the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mr. Dewey expressed his views on our governmental structure and its foundation, the universality of the suffrage. Since the Federation last met in New York State, thirty-two years ago, he said,

> the fabric of almost our entire social and political life has changed. Then the women of this country did not have the vote. Now, to chart another milestone of growth, they can be the decisive factor in determining how many of our problems are to be solved.

The same day, in a statement to the New York State Publishers Association, Mr. Dewey commented on the long-range human implications of technological progress. This summer and fall will show, the Governor said, whether the automobile user

> can realize its [the automobile's] full benefits without in exchange paying a dreadful toll in human lives and injuries.

On July 9th, Mr. Dewey announced his position on agriculture. When his train stopped in Independence, Kansas, he addressed the crowds from the rear platform, told them clearly that he admired their wheat, and asked:



> What has happened to your corn?

On July 20th, Mr. Dewey indicated his stand on subversive activities and the Communist menace, telling an audience at Montana State College:

> I don't think I would have won last November by such a large margin if these Communists had not been supporting the other side.

On July 29th, in an interview in Owosso, Michigan, Mr. Dewey expressed his views on tax and fiscal matters. Informed that Republican spokesmen had announced that only the Republican Party could restore the country to a sound economy, he declared:

> That is one statement with which I can wholly concur.

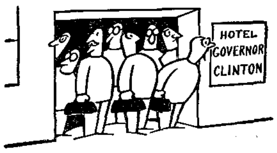
Finally, on August 5th, in an advance Labor Day statement, the Governor took a firm stand on labor. He said:

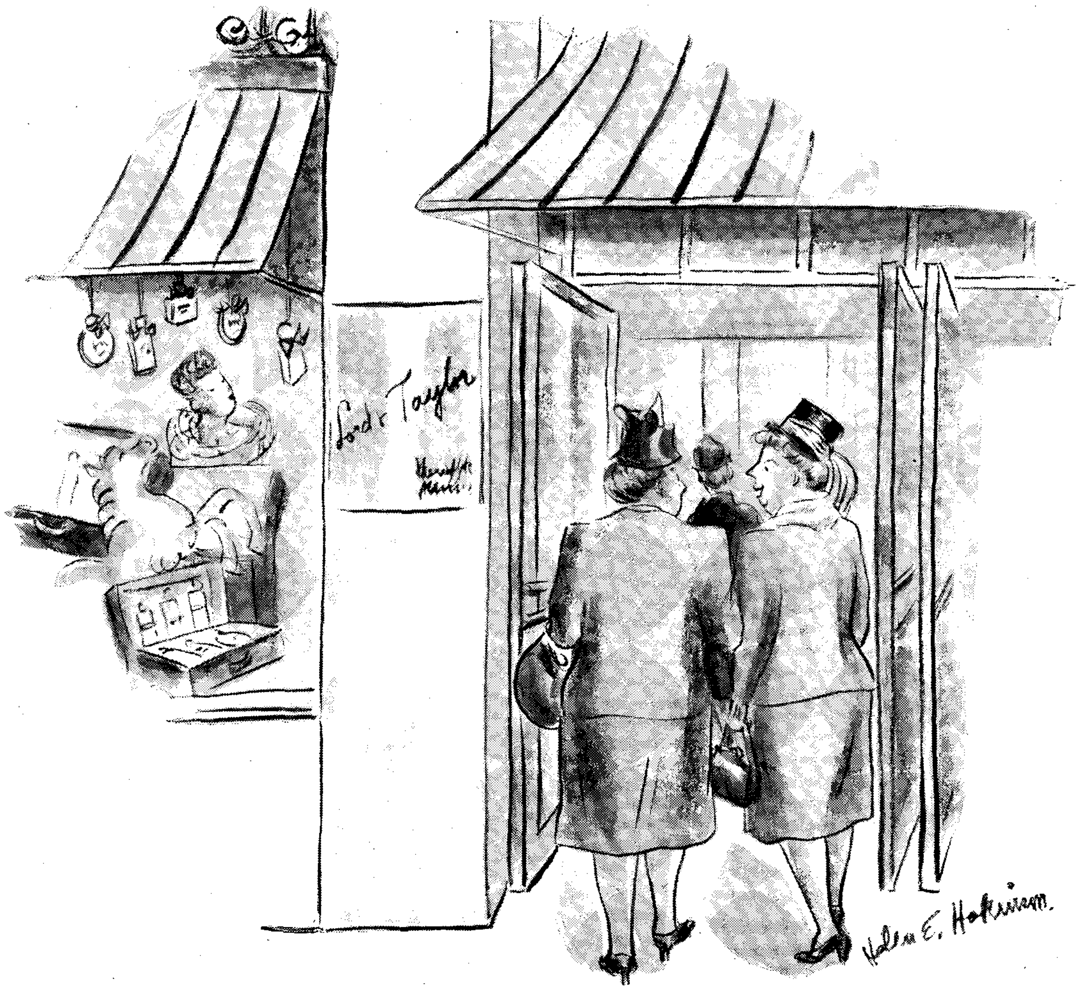
> Our state and our country have come a long way since a small minority of workers celebrated the first Labor Day.

For the life of us, we can't see what all the fuss is about.

FOR those of our readers who won't be off on vacation during next week's convention here of the American Legion, we have gathered some reassuring data on the precautions being taken to handle casualties. For some weeks now, a body known as the Legion First Aid and Sanitary Committee has been making plans to meet every contingency, or catastrophe, that it can think of. Francis W. Stapleton, an accountant who is vice-chairman of the committee, told us last week that for two years after the 1937 Legion convention, which was held in these parts, the Legion was being sued by people for injuries received during the deliberations and concomitant activities. "That's why we're being so careful this time," Mr. Stapleton said. "No matter what goes wrong, we will be able to take care of it."

The committee's attention is concentrated on Saturday, August 30th, the day of the parade. The 1937 model of this festive march lasted seventeen hours and fifty-three minutes; the Legion hopes to cut that time in half this year, by marching twelve, instead of four, abreast and by not having as many floats as were hauled up Fifth Avenue a decade ago. That ought to be a fifty-per-cent reduction in emergencies right there. Central headquarters for the First Aid Committee will be at the Governor Clinton Hotel, with Dr. Homer Skinner, of the United States Marine Hospital on Staten Island, in charge. From midnight Friday to midnight Saturday, at least eight physicians, ready for anything up to and including a minor operation, will be in attendance at the hotel. Field hospitals will be set up practically on Fifth Avenue, which once again is to be the line of march. They will be just inside the eastern side of Central Park at Sixty-





"I had a little fight with Lord & Taylor last year, but we're friends now."

first, Seventy-second, and Seventy-ninth Streets. There will be first-aid stations at Madison Square Park and in the Public Library. While the parade is going on, the municipal Commissioner of Hospitals will have ambulances stationed at four-block intervals. Some of these are to be manned not only by doctors but also by amateur radio operators, who will be in communication by walkie-talkie with hams scattered up and down the Avenue, ready to flash instant notice of any misadventure. Several National Guard jeeps with first-aid equipment will patrol the parade route. Beds will be set aside for parade casualties at three Navy hospitals, two Veterans' Administration hospitals, and a dozen city hospitals. The First Aid Committee has acquired a supply of medical tags of the kind used by the armed forces during the war to record diagnoses and initial treatments administered in the field, so casualties will be reasonably certain to be efficiently labelled. A Brooklyn undertaker who is a past state vice-commander of the Legion will be standing by.

Lest our account of these preparations alarm anyone, we add that in 1937 the known total of injured along the parade route came to a mere two hundred, and only one death was listed—that of a seven-year-old boy who fell, or was pushed, from the stoop of a house while he was watching the procession. Most of the injuries and collapses that were reported consisted of sprains, bruises, fainting spells, attacks of nausea, fractures (both simple and compound), lacerations, concussions, and heart attacks. One accident, which was only indirectly chargeable to the parade, happened to a Legionnaire who was beginning his preparations for the march and slipped in his bathtub, suffering severe contusions and abrasions. An elderly non-veteran who hoped to obtain a good view of the proceedings by sitting on a window ledge suffered cuts when he fell off his perch onto a skylight. A lady from Massachusetts got a concussion from being struck by a bundle of paper tossed out of a window. Nine people reported having been kicked or stepped on by police horses, and one woman, who turned up at a first-aid station with a bleeding finger, said she had been stepped on by a policeman.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the "specially reduced children's books" on sale in Gimbel's basement book department is Zola's "Nana."

The Atomic Crossbow Pistol is now being manufactured by a firm in Jamaica, Long Island.

There's a sign on a roadside stand near New Milford, Connecticut, that reads, "Hand-Picked Apples."

Slow, Quick-Quick

WE had such an interesting time watching the picket line of switchboard operators during the telephone strike last spring that we decided to pay a call on the dance instructors who for six weeks have been picketing the Arthur Murray studios on Madison Avenue between Forty-third and Forty-fourth. We glided over there after dinner the other evening and found two policemen and two pickets on the scene, the latter carrying placards reading, "Don't Waltz Us Around, Mr. Murray—Just Negotiate" and "Arthur Murray Is a Wallflower—He Refuses to Arbitrate." One of the pickets was a man and the other a blond young lady named Marjorie Gendell, who was wearing a long, cream-colored skirt, a black sweater, and black sandals. She was skipping instead of walking. We fell in awkwardly at her side, and she told us that things were quiet at the moment but would perk up in a little while, when a covey of reinforcements was to arrive. She said that she has worn out three pairs of shoes on picket duty, one pair more than she would have worn out if she had been working at Murray's during the period. The significance of this statistic was somewhat clouded in our mind when we learned that she and other strikers are still teaching. A number of Murray students, out of either sympathy for the strikers' cause, admiration for individual strikers, or an unusually earnest desire to perfect their dancing, have been taking lessons from the pickets at private studios. Miss Gendell told us that the skipping step, which she was still persistently doing, was a Murray special called the Side by Side. "Two slows forward, one quick forward, and three quick back, and—" she succeeded in explaining before we dropped clumsily by the wayside. We then interviewed her fellow-picket, who was walking, and whose name was Byron Stout. He told us that the teachers had planned to dance in pairs on the picket line but that the police wouldn't permit mixed dancing—or any other kind of double-file picketing, as far as that goes—and so as a result the pickets hadn't been able to put on too fancy a show. "We did the conga for a while," he said, "but it stank. Dated, you know, like the turkey trot and the Charleston." Miss Gendell, tripping by, switched from the Side by Side to a slow, swaying rumba. "She's cute," one of the cops said. "No cuter than the telephone operators," said the other. We withheld our views on this matter, following our policy of strict neutrality in labor disputes.

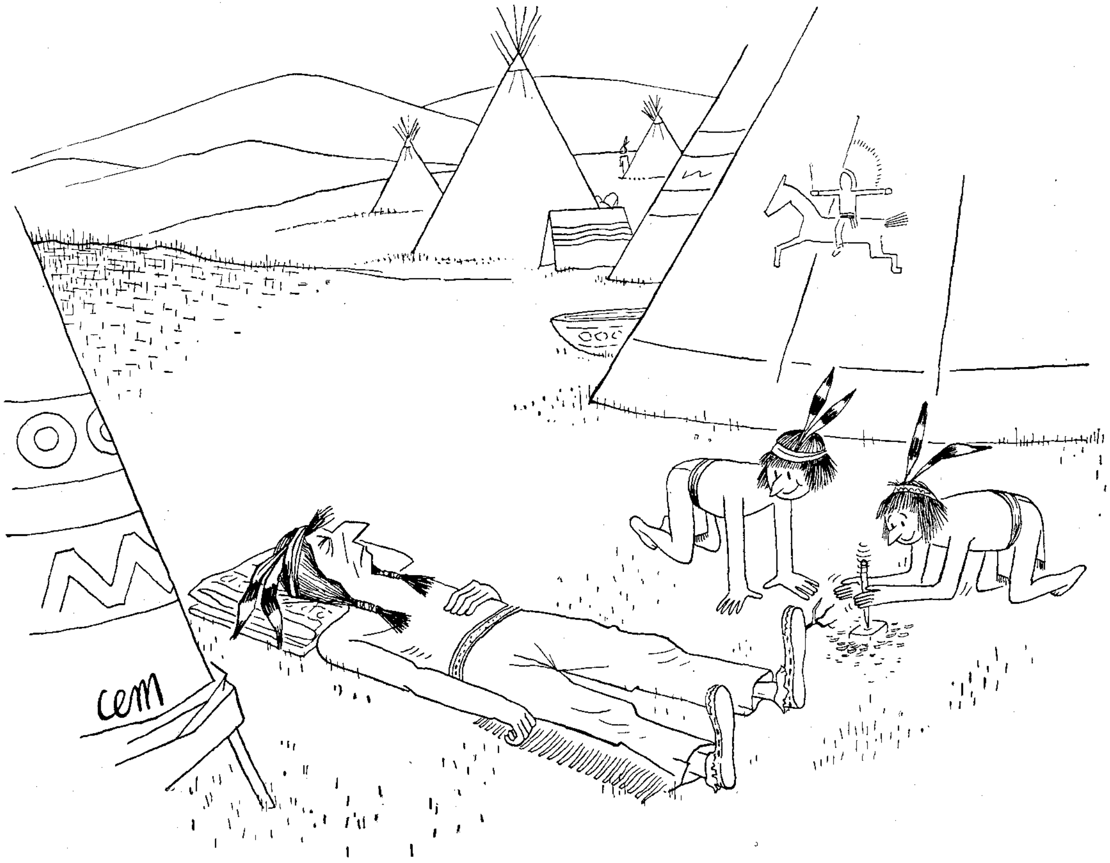
Around nine o'clock, a dozen more pickets turned up, some with placards and some with claves, maracas, and other romantic noisemakers. A Latinish-looking young man, whom the pickets called Santi, began knocking out a delicate rhythm with a pair of claves. The pickets formed a more or less single line and started to prance up and down Madison Avenue. One girl seemed to lag behind, and we asked her if her feet hurt. She said no, that she was a jitterbug specialist and didn't have a chance to use her talents. "Jitterbugging takes up too much space," she continued. "Gee, if only I could do the Hipper-Dipper, the Mooch, or the Brushoff, or even the Reverse Spin or Slide Kelly Slide. Boy, would *that* get the public on our side! Oh, gee, I think I'll show you anyhow." With that, she grabbed a surprised-looking boy picket and they went into a series of incredible gyrations that a helpful fellow-picket identified for us as a modified version of the Freshman Chase. They were quickly stopped by the cop who liked the telephone operators. Santi paused and said to us, "The rumba is the most exciting of all dances. *There's* a dance you can exhibit yourself in! Exotic, rhythmic, sensuous steps, and you can stand still in one place and dance slow, quick-quick. It'll keep an audience." The telephone girls' cop muttered that it seemed to him the pickets were dancing in couples, and moved forward to break it up. He was restrained by his colleague, who insisted that it was single-file picketing and that, moreover, the strikers were not dancing at all but simply doing the Cuban Walk. We envied him his knowledge of such matters. Miss Gendell undulated past us. "The public gets a big kick out of seeing us in action like this," she called. "We're getting more pupils, for our private lessons, off the street than we used to get in the studio."

Winner

THE president of a large local manufacturing concern recently posted a notice inviting his employees to suggest improvements in the company's way of doing things, and offering prizes for the best ideas submitted. Now he's afraid his secretary has taken his notice too thoroughly to heart. In the course of dictating a letter to her one day last week, he used the expression "in the not too distant future," and the girl promptly looked up and said, "Excuse me, sir, but don't you think it would be better to say 'in the near distant future'?"

Paint Job

THE George Washington Bridge has for some time been undergoing its first complete paint job since before the war, and this is a fitting moment to go into the matter, because early this month—at 11 A.M. on August 5th, to be precise—a crew of painters working their way from west to east on the 4,580-foot-long undersurface of the bridge roadway passed from New Jersey into New York and thus entered the homestretch of their peculiar journey. We learned this and other bridge-painting facts last week from Alfred D. Fegely, who since 1932 has been bridge paint foreman for the Port of New York Authority and is the on-the-spot boss of the work. A bridge like the George Washington, he told us, could get along without being painted more than every ten or twelve years, but a lot of rust would accumulate over such a period, and the Authority considers it economi-



cal to go over it every seven years. The structure was due for a new coat in 1943, but the scarcity of everything, including aluminum paint—considered the best kind for bridges—precluded doing more than painting the handrails once over lightly. The current operation began in the spring of last year, and because Mr. Fegely has had from fifty-five to sixty painters in action, about double the usual crew, he hopes to complete the job by November.

There are six million square feet to paint on the bridge, and the job takes twenty-four thousand gallons of paint and wears out some fifteen hundred brushes. In addition, around four thousand gallons of red lead are applied to rusted patches before the paint is put on. Except at one or two sheltered points, spraying is unfeasible; there's always a breeze up on the bridge, and a spray can't be controlled. The painting season runs from mid-April to mid-November, and during this period many hours are lost because all activities cease whenever the wind exceeds thirty miles an hour, whenever it rains, and whenever Mr. Fegely decides that the temperature is so high that a painter might be affected by the heat and lose his balance. During last year's operation, the bridge painters took care of the twin towers, the four main cables, the small, vertical cables that hold up the roadway, and the anchorage at each end. This year, the painters are tackling the handrails and curbs, along with the underside of the roadway, which is two hundred and forty feet above mean high water. The men assigned to this task work from a scaffold slung beneath the roadway, with a safety net slung beneath the scaffold. They are nearing Manhattan at a speed of forty feet a day.

In the winter, the Authority's bridge painters paint tunnels. This summer's augmented crew contains a considerable number of new men, and only a few of these were professional painters before they went to work for the Authority; their ranks include a blacksmith, an acrobat, a restaurant manager, a chauffeur, and a speed skater. The last is presumably just working for the summer. A surprisingly large number of men turn up for bridge-painting jobs, but Mr. Fegely is obliged to reject many of them after giving them two or three tests. One of these involves climbing to the top of the west tower, which is six hundred and forty feet above the water, and there walking along a beam eight inches wide and twenty feet long. A man who isn't at home on this bridge painters' plaza is regarded as a poor risk. Some of the applicants try "cooning" across it—proceeding on their bellies. They're out. "Had a fellow last week who talked a good game," said Fegely. "Then we started up the tower. It was a lovely, cool day, but he began sweating, and by the time he got to the top, he was wringing wet. I said, 'Come on, boy. You better get out of here.' " Applicants who pass the beam test are asked to descend, via a slim iron ladder, to the scaffold underneath the roadway. This has a plank floor, and it sways. If the men take this adventure in their stride, and Mr. Fegely thinks them otherwise likely, they are given a blood test, and if that shows them free of lead poisoning, they are put to work. They get from three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars a year, depending on length of service. So far, there have been no fatalities on the bridge, we are glad to report. The nearest miss occurred a few years ago when a man fell off the New York approach thirty feet above the ground and broke a leg.

REVIVAL
TONITE

Two Minds

IN the course of a weekend on Fire Island, a lady fulfilled a promise to her nine-year-old nephew, of Nutley, New Jersey, by collecting and mailing him an assortment of sea shells. The little fellow has sent her the following acknowledgment:

DEAR AUNT MAY:

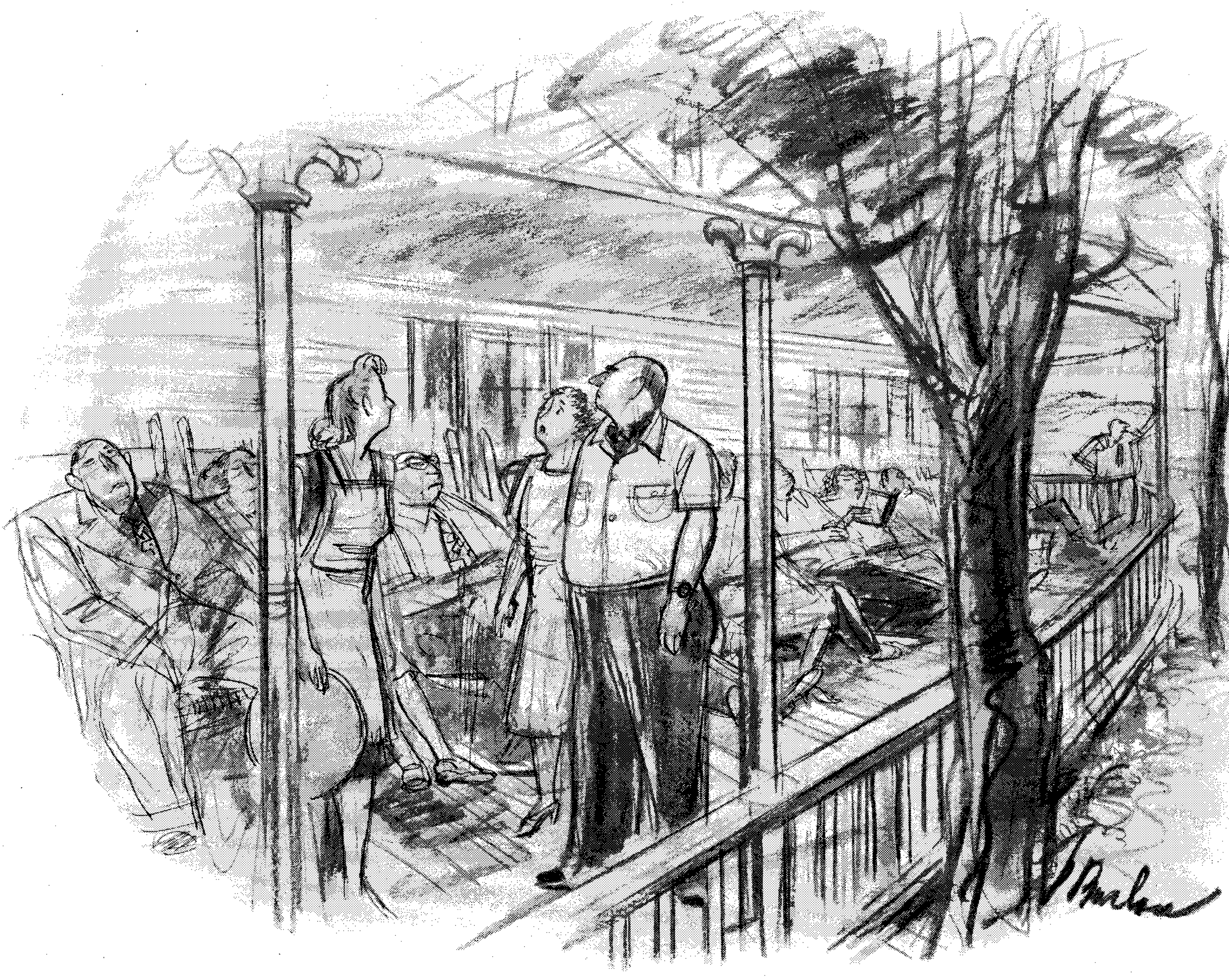
The sea shells you sent me were very pretty. I liked them a whole lot. They were the best present I got since my birthday. In fact, some things I got for my birthday were worse than the shells.

PETE

Self-Hypnotist

AFTER seeing "The Hucksters," the film about advertising men and their woes, we decided to have a talk with an advertising man we have long heard about, Mr. John Caples, a vice-president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, a distinguished member of the pushcart set for over twenty years, and a man who did as much as Calvin Coolidge to contribute to the merriment of the middle twenties. Mr. Caples was quick to tell us that the clients he has dealt with have been nothing like the spitting soap king who dominates "The Hucksters." "I haven't been interfered with," he said, "and, in fact, I have never laid eyes on many of the men I've written ads for." Mr. Caples' ads are among the most famous ever penned. Who does not remember his immortal "They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano—But When I Started to Play!" or his "They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French—But Their Laughter Changed to Amazement at My Reply!"? Mr. Caples put these together when he was only twenty-five and could barely make his way through either "Chopsticks" or a French menu. We asked him how his inspiration came to him, and found him as inarticulate as a poet on that score. "I was just a young copy writer at Ruthrauff & Ryan and got hold of a couple of mail-order accounts," he said. "I was sitting around thinking about them one day and out popped that business about the piano. The waiter and the French followed naturally." Mr. Caples was interrupted at this point by the telephone. When he'd hung up, he courteously informed us about the call. "That was a friend of mine," he said. "Wanted to know who could handle copy on a method of teaching piano by lights. Don't do any of that stuff any more, but it certainly was good basic training."

Mr. Caples asked us if we'd like to see his scrapbook and, when we said we would, broke out a formidable volume, on the first page of which were the arresting and familiar headline "Fat Men!" and, beneath it, a sketch of a portly gentleman whose midriff had been shaded to emphasize starkly his proper proportions. "Damn thing still pulls," remarked Mr. Caples contentedly, turning to a page that screamed, "Dandruff? I'll End It in 48 Hours or No Cost!" We browsed through similar copy until we came upon the line "I Can Make You Magnetic—Irresistible! Give Me Five Days to Prove It—Free," strung over a photograph of a gray-haired, imposing figure. "Who's that?" we inquired. "That's a model," Mr. Caples told us. "The fellow sell-



"But we understood there was to be planned entertainment."

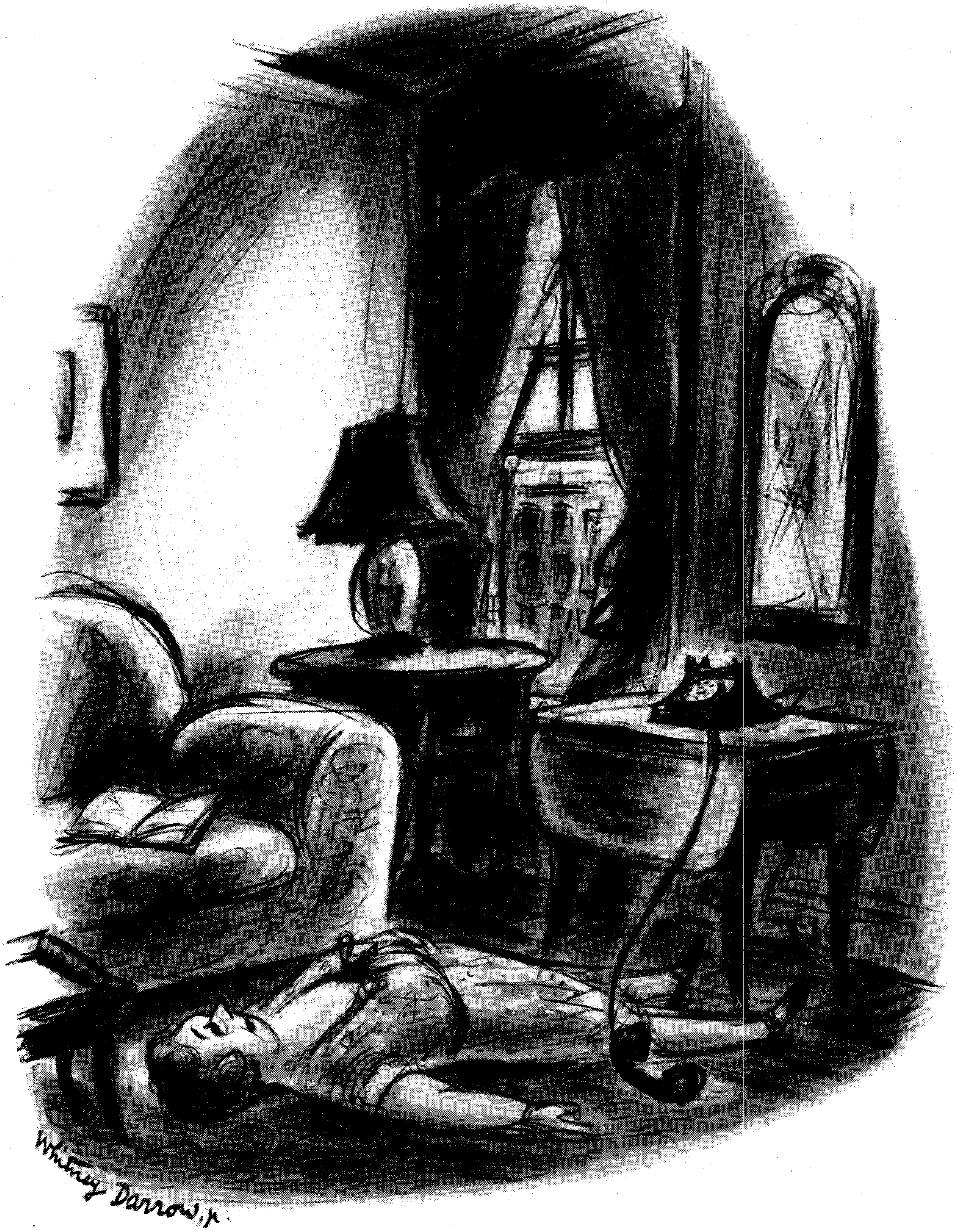
* *

ing the personality was too weak-looking for the ad." Quite a few of the ads in Mr. Caples' collection included triumphant personal stories by men called James Perkins, James Blackford, and James C. Crawford, all of whom turned out to be Mr. Caples. "Those were wild days," he said. "A few pseudonyms gave testimonials authenticity. Everybody did it." While we were trying to digest that thought, he related one of his difficulties with the They-Laughed-When ads. "I wrote an ad saying that the thing the fellow played after he sat down was Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,' " Mr. Caples said, "but a lot of teachers jumped on it and said that after years of practice *they* couldn't play the 'Sonata' easily. I substituted 'Liebestraum,' and everybody seemed to be satisfied."

Mr. Caples closed his scrapbook with a faraway look in his eye. "Those *were* the days!" he said. "How about these days?" we inquired. Mr. Caples looked solemn. "I am in charge of a committee on the Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading of the American Association of Advertising Agencies," he said. "It's designed to learn what captures the interest of people reading newspapers and to apply the findings to advertising." He went to the wall and pulled down a large photostat of the first page of a newspaper. "You see this item on Truman's budget report?" he asked. "Well, it got twenty-three per cent of the male readers and eight per cent of the women. But this item on three boys putting a splint on the leg of a dog that had been struck by an automobile got forty-four per cent of the men and forty-five per cent of the women." "Gosh!" we said. "Before you go," said Mr. Caples, "let me give you a copy of my 'Tested Advertising Methods.' " Back at the office, we opened the volume and came upon the passage "Use a process of self-hypnotism. Say to yourself that Smith's Liver Pills are the best pills in the world—that no other pills are like them—that they can produce any conceivable result, turn weaklings into giants, oldsters into youngsters, rejuvenate the human race in twenty-four hours."

Adequate

At a gathering in the Village the other evening, a young woman whose social conscience is strong and whose causes are legion was telling about the lovely apartment she and her husband have. When she was asked by one of her auditors to give its dimensions, she puckered her brows for a moment and then said, "Well, I really can't tell you how big the rooms are in feet, but it'll give you some idea when I tell you that in the two years we've been there, we've given—let's see—twelve parties, and not one of them has netted less than three hundred dollars."



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"And that's only the half of it. Wait till you hear this . . ."

HERE COME THE TIGERS

IT was after midnight and I had got up to turn off the radio and go to bed when a baritone began to sing "Bye-Bye, Blackbird" with the rueful reverence the song deserves. I sat down again, and I was lost. If I had shut off the radio, turned out the lights, and locked the door, Jordan and Hayes would have driven up to a dark house and gone away, or if they had hammered on the door, I would have let them hammer till they got discouraged and drove off. The lights were on, though, and the door was unlocked. The tires of a car swashed over the gravel of the driveway and came to a sudden, complaining stop. My door opened and they tumbled in without knocking, like a pair of comics taking an encore. I turned off the radio and reached for the light switch.

"Hold!" Jordan cried. "Stay that naughty hand!"

I took my hand off the switch. "I'm tired," I said, "and Alice is asleep."

"Sleep! Sleep—on a night of wild discovery!" Jordan moaned. He went over to the bar in a corner of the living room and began mixing a bourbon-and-soda. Hayes took Jordan's place at the bar when his companion flopped into a chair and swung one leg over an arm. "We have discovered a new dimension of meaning," Jordan said. He took a great gulp of his drink. "And a new plane of beauty."

"You want a drink?" Hayes asked me.

"It's late," I said, "and I'm tired."

Jordan snorted, choked on his whiskey, and coughed for a full minute. "The man wants torpor," he spluttered finally. "On a night like this, the man wants torpor."

"Torpor is a good word," Hayes said. He sat on the arm of a chair. "Shall we take it apart for him?"

"You guys are stiff," I said.

Jordan frowned, finished his drink, and went back to the bar. "Stiff is better," he said. "I think stiff is probably perfect. Let me get at it." He dropped into the chair again, with a new highball.

I stared at the ceiling. If I didn't humor them, they might go away.

"We're starting too high," Jordan said. "We're the hell too high. He won't get it. Look at him."

"Nuts," I said coldly.

"Let me unwrap stiff for you," Jordan said. "God knows that ought to be simple enough. Listen to this. It's perfect. Stiff, tiff, fist, fits."

"He means that the mood and tone and color of a word are echoed in its component parts," Hayes said. "Tiff is argument, fist is fight, fits—fits—"

"Don't make it glare," Jordan said. "You're making it glare. Let him feel it. You got to feel it."

"Look—" I began wanly.

Jordan regarded me sorrowfully and shook his head. "He's going to compare it to Joyce or Dada or Gertrude Stein," he said. "He is an enemy of the new dimension. Oh, no, he can't be," he added. "Not in *this* house, he can't be." He had some trouble getting up, but he made the bar.

"It's *his* house," Hayes said.

I was glad he was soberer than Jordan, who after a moment of deep thought said, "Last place in the world a man should make an ass of himself. Host, you know, and all that."

"Where have you guys been?" I asked.

Jordan looked at Hayes and shrugged, splashing a dollop of his new drink on the carpet. "We have been in a new dimension of meaning and beauty," he said, "but I doubt if you could understand it."

"Well, what the hell is it?" I demanded. I went to the bar and poured myself a short drink. "Are you going to crawl around it all night, or are you coming out with it?"

"Tell him the quatrain," Jordan said. "I want him to hear the quatrain."

Hayes studied the floor for a while. Then he recited the quatrain:

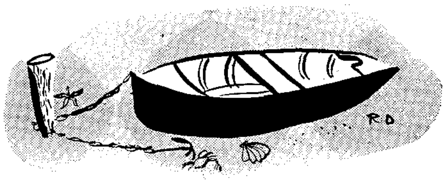
"There are lips in pistol
And mist in times,
Cats in crystal,
And mice in chimes."

I stared coldly at Jordan's transfigured face. "Is this the spearhead of the New Beauty?" I asked.

Jordan globbered his drink down, ran his hand through his hair, and glared at me demoniacally. "Shows what What's-his-name of 'Christabel' and Keats of 'Eve of St. Agnes' could have done if the goddam fairy casements had opened on this lovely dimension!" he shouted.

"Coleridge," Hayes said. He was nursing his drink along, and seemed to be getting sober.

Jordan went to the bar and sloshed out more bourbon. "Well?" he demanded, but he didn't wait for me to answer. "We were unlocking animals from almost every word you can think of when we got to cats in crystal and mice in chimes. Tell him some of 'em, Tom. You got 'em all written down."



Hayes put his drink on the floor and pulled a piece of folded cardboard out of his pocket. I saw that it was a dinner menu with pencil scribblings on the back. "There's the wolf in flower, the gander in danger, and the frog in forget," he said. "There's the emu in summer, the ant in autumn, the wren in winter, and the pig in spring." He turned the cardboard upside down and scowled at it. "There's the gnu in jungle," he went on, "the swan in answer, and the toad in toward." He put the menu down, and I thought he looked a little unhappy, as if the whiskey and the spell of the new dimension were wearing off at the same time.

Jordan kept snapping his fingers, trying to remember other beasts in other words.

"Try to find the tiger in a six-letter word," Hayes said to me. "It isn't easy. There are three six-letter words with tiger, but it isn't easy."

"It's not a game, it's more than a game," Jordan said severely. "Let's not get back to the game."

"It began as a game," Hayes said to me. "It's an old word game. You try to see how many words you can make out of another word."

"We played it a million times before," Jordan said, "but tonight, for the first time, I see what we got, like Emily What's-her-name hearing the river in the trees. You might hear the wind in the trees all your life and never hear the river. Give me that thing, Tom." He reached out and took the menu from Hayes, and began turning it slowly in his big hands. The writing on the back apparently ran in all directions. He sighed dolefully and handed it back to Hayes. "There's practically a sentence in woman," he said. "It's perfect in mood and tone. In mood and tone it's practically perfect. See if you can find the sentence, Tom."

Hayes patted away an incipient yawn. "Woman: moan now won wan man," he chanted, and then the yawn got the best of him.

"What'd I say it had in it, Tom?"

Hayes consulted the back of the menu. "The thunder of Genesis," he announced finally, "it says here."

"It's practically Biblical," Jordan said, "with only five letters." He went to the bar again. "Who wants a drink?" he

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asked. Neither of us said anything. Hayes had slumped a little in his chair. I leaned back, gazed at the ceiling, and hunted the tiger. For the next five minutes, I heard the sound of Jordan's voice but I didn't take in the sense. I found the roach in orchard, the horse in shore, the owl in wobble, the stag in ghastly, and the bear and zebra in brazen, but no glimmer of a tiger anywhere.

"IT'S like little boxes, one inside each other," Jordan was saying when I came out of my own jungle of words. "You lift out concentric meanings of practically identical mood and tone. Yet people have let the component parts of words go for a thousand years. They lose the depth and the roundness and the whole quality." He turned to Hayes. "Take pistol apart for Jim," he begged. "Take pistol apart." I got up and went to the bar and poured out a stiff rye. "Go ahead," I said.

"It kind of rips and squirts and goes all to hell, the way pistol should," Jordan said by way of foreword.

"Shoot," I said.

"No gags," Jordan implored me. "For God sake, no gags."

"Pistol," Hayes began. "Slip, spit, split, spilt, spoil, spoilt, slop, slot, tips, tops, spot, pots, stop."

"You see what I mean?" Jordan asked. I visualized the word and studied it for a while.

"He left out oils and soil," I said finally, "and what are Lois and silo doing in pistol?"

Jordan turned to Hayes, who had shut his eyes. "Didn't I tell you we'd be up against that?" he demanded. "What'd I say we'd be up against, Tom?"

"The obscurantism of the explicit," Hayes brought out after frowning over it.

"That's it! That's what I said we'd be up against, like in chalice."

Hayes decided to try another drink, and he went over and poured himself a short one. "You get lace and hail and ice and Alice in chalice," he said, "but you got lice to account for."

"So what?" said Jordan. "So what the hell?" He spread his hands.

"What about the rats in crystal, with the cats?" I asked.

"Jordan hasn't got the technic and ethic worked out yet," Hayes told me.

"I can handle the rats," Jordan said.

"And the salt and the slat and the cyst and the cart?" I asked.

"Yeh, and the star and the cry and the satyr. They all mix into crystal."

Hayes yawned openly. He was drinking slowly. "It seems a little thin, somehow," he said. "I mean the whole thing, in times like these."

"What does?" Jordan stared at him blankly.

I saved an argument by suddenly running across Roget in forget. "If there were no forget," I said to Jordan, "it would not be necessary to create Roget."

"I don't think you get the idea," he said. "I don't think he gets the idea, Tom. What was it I said earlier this evening? I said, 'Tom, he'll never get it in a million years.' I said, 'Tom, the obscurantism of the explicit is what's going to louse up this lovely thing.' Didn't I say that, Tom?"

"Yes," Hayes said, tapping another yawn.

"Do hotels for him, Tom. Maybe that'll give him the idea."

"Hotels," Hayes read. "Sot, lost, hose, stole, shoe. Hotel so hot she shot host. . . . I'm tired." He sagged in his chair.

"A lost mood, see?" Jordan tried to express it with a gesture of his hands. "You got to feel it like a child. Do you feel it?"

"I certainly do," I said.

"What are you tired for, Tom?" Jordan gave his friend a worried glance.

"I don't know," Hayes said. "It just seems a little thin, somehow."

"What does?"

"Mice in chimes. It seems a little thin."

"What's he talking about?" Jordan asked me.

"I mean when you get to thinking of the hare twisting in the frozen grass and the mastiff bitch in the moonshine cold," Hayes said.

"What the *hell's* he talking about?" Jordan almost wailed.

"What's-his-name and Keats," I said.

Jordan made a small, despairing gesture. "Do phrase," he pleaded.

"Oh, for God sake!" Hayes got up and went to the radio.

"Don't wake Alice," I said.

"Do phrase and then we'll get the hell out," Jordan said.

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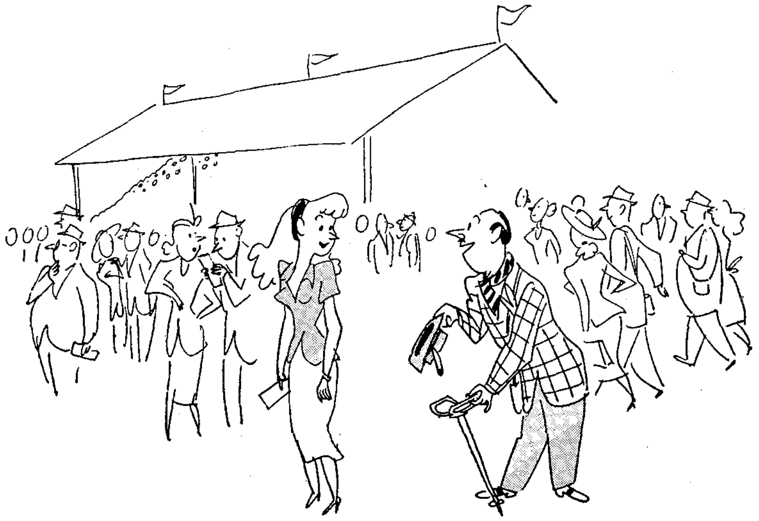

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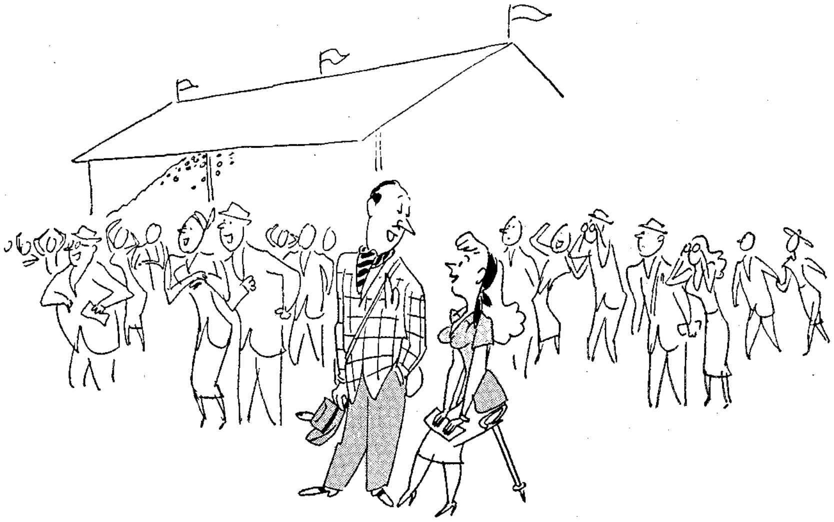

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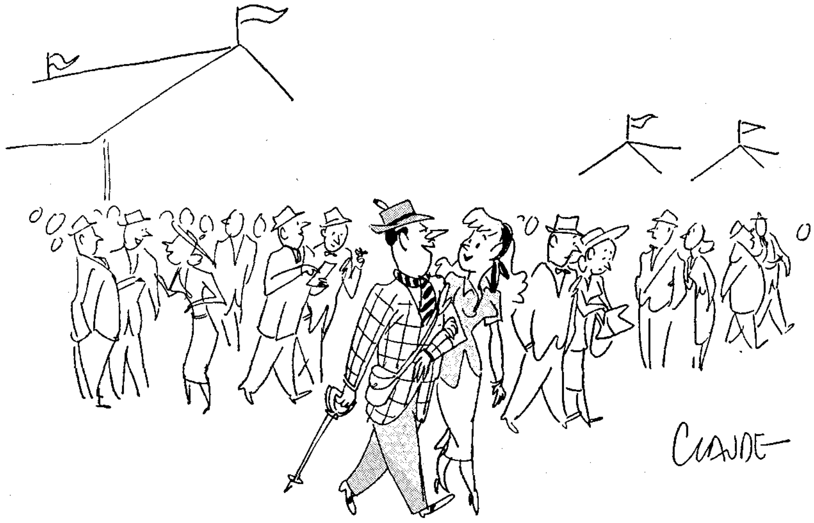

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"Do phrase," I insisted quickly.

"Explain about it first in its own words," Jordan said. "You know."

"O.K., O.K." Hayes sighed and sat down. "You don't have to dwell on the parse phase, the sharp rasp, the rape shape," he droned.

"Now show him where Tenniel and What's-his-name, the *douanier*, come in," Jordan said eagerly.

"In the apes and the asp and the hares," Hayes went on. "In the peas and the pears and the tea, in the seraph and the harp."

Jordan's eyes glowed, like a cat's in a barn. "Tenniel and What's-his-name, the *douanier*," he said in a throaty voice.

"Come on, let's go, I got to go," Hayes said, getting up.

"You didn't have a hat," I told him.

"Take the oranges and gibbons of What's-his-name," Jordan went on, in a rapt croak.

"Rousseau, for God sake," Hayes said. "Come on."

Jordan got to his feet. His eyes moved slowly around the room.

"You didn't have a hat," Hayes said. "Come on."

He got Jordan just outside the living-room door. Four more steps would have taken them through the hall to the front door.

"Where do you get the tea in phrase?" I asked suddenly. "There isn't any 't' in phrase."

Jordan turned and loped back to his chair and sat down hard, like a tired setter. "A posset for the highway!" he bawled.

"You asked for this," Hayes told me wearily.

"Mix him a short one," I said.

Hayes went slowly back into the living room and I closed the door behind him. I knew Alice was standing at the head of the stairs in the dark. "What *is* it?" she whispered.

"A posset for the highway," I told her.

"Jink Jordan? Oh, no!" She went back to her room.

I lingered in the hall, hoping they would come out, but Jordan's voice was loud and argumentative. "Will you stop saying it's thin, for God sake?" he shouted.

"All right, all right, it's exiguous, then," Hayes said.

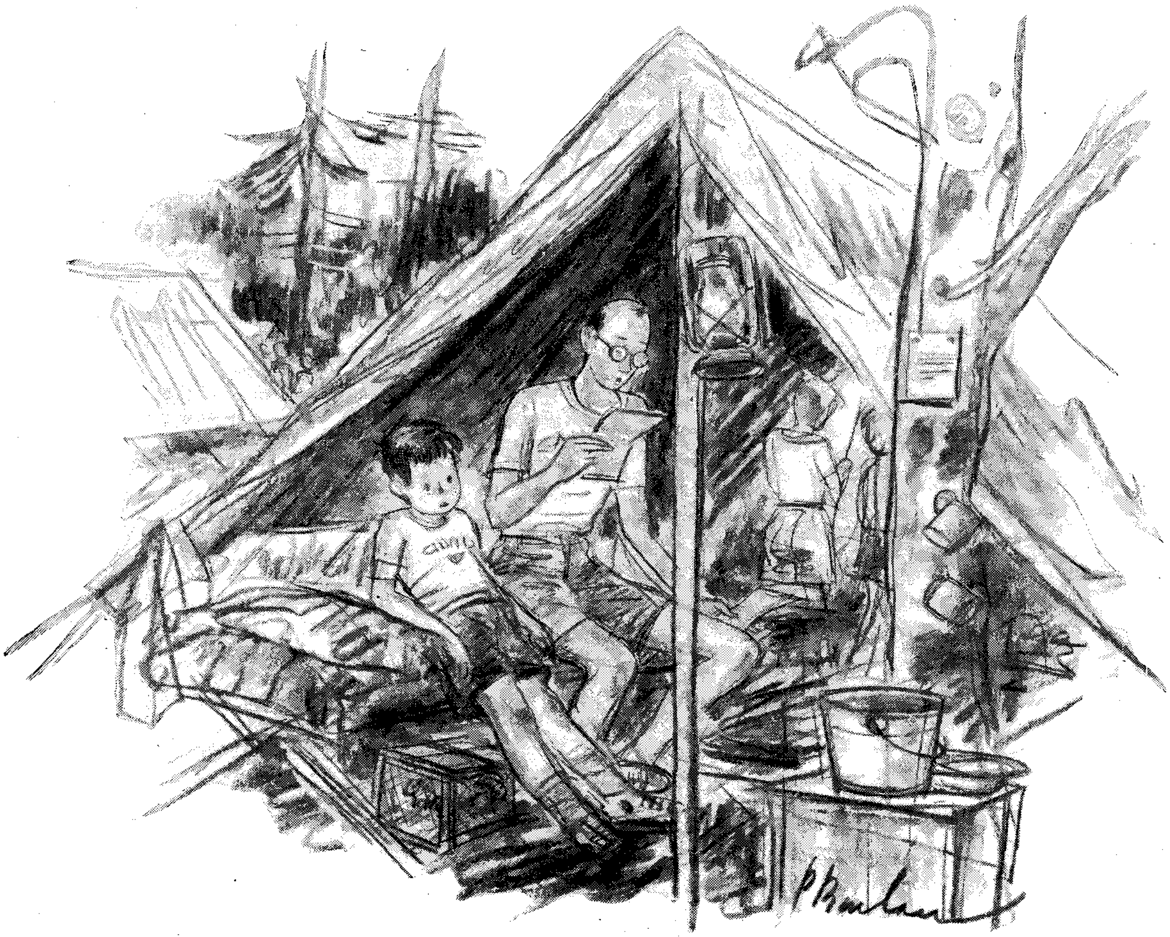
"It's exiguous because it's undeveloped, that's why," Jordan replied. "You can't develop a thing like this in one night."

I WENT back into the room and shut the door behind me. Jordan was sitting in the chair I had been in, pulling some papers out of his inside coat pocket.

"Put that stuff away," Hayes commanded him sharply.

"Just a second," Jordan said. "I knew we'd left something out. How in the hell could you let me leave Blake out?" He began to pore over a pencilled scrawl on the back of a typewritten page. "We proved Blake had it," he said loudly. "We proved Blake knew all about it, and here it is!"

Hayes grabbed the sheet of paper away from him. "If I read it, will you



". . . Now about your new pet, Mommy and I know just how fond you must be of him, but we wonder if it would be fair to keep such a creature, intended by nature to roam at will, cooped up in a small apartment in the city. Suppose you had lived in the woods all your life. How would you like it if. . . ."

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get up and go home?" he asked. "And don't drink that so fast."

"Read it," Jordan said, waving his glass. "Wait a minute!" He pointed a finger at me. "How many tigers are there in—what's the line, Tom?"

" 'Tiger! Tiger! burning bright in the forests of the night,' " Tom recited.

"One tiger," I said. "How many Toms are there in 'Tom, Tom, the piper's son'?"

Jordan set his drink down and waved his arms despairingly. "Journalist!" he said bleakly.

"This is kind of interesting," Hayes said hurriedly. "There are actually five tigers in the first two lines of the poem—that is, the necessary letters are repeated often enough to spell the word five times, three times in addition to 'tiger, tiger,' with a couple of 't's and an 'i' left over."

Jordan finished his drink in a gulp. "Nursery rhymes!" he said bitterly.

"In those two lines," Hayes cut in, "Blake used only twelve letters of the alphabet, so Jink thinks he was on to the new dimension."

"Thinks!" Jordan cried.

"Wordsworth, who was not on to it," Hayes continued, "used nineteen letters in 'She dwelt among the untrodden ways, beside the springs of Dove.' "

Jordan shook his head at me slowly. "It'll take me ten years to work this thing out," he snarled, "and you giggle at it like a girl. Tell him about Planters Peanuts, Tom."

Hayes handed the sheet of paper back to Jordan and ran his hand over his forehead. "There are nine letters in Planters Peanuts, or only three fewer than Blake used in those two lines. Come on, let's go."

"One more, maybe?" Jordan said, holding out his glass.

"I'm going," Hayes snapped. "I'll wait just two minutes for you in the car." He walked over and opened the door, closed it behind him, went out the front door, got in the car, and slammed the car door shut.

"There goes one of the sweetest characters in the whole world," Jordan said.

I started turning out the table lamps, and Jordan got to his feet. "So long, Jink," I said. He walked slowly to the door, opened it, and said over his shoulder, "Not in a million years." The only light left on now was the one in the hall. Jordan closed the front door after him with great care. After a moment, the engine started and the car drove off.

HALF an hour later, in bed, I had almost dropped off when, in the narrow strip of lucidity between the bright compound of consciousness and the dark jungle of sleep, I remembered, with a start like a gunshot, the tiger in the three six-letter words. I tried all the permutations I could think of, using one consonant after another, from "b" to "z." I couldn't fit the tiger into any six-letter word except tigers, and that obviously didn't count. I began all over again: tibger, bitger, grebit, trebig, briget, ticger, grecit, gercit, tidger, gertid, dregit.

The dawn was fluttering at the window when I finally found the three words, one after another, with tiger in them.

Alice woke up. "Haven't you been to sleep *yet*?" she asked.

"Gaiter, goiter, aigret," I said. "Avoid the consonants. It's as simple as that."

"Go to sleep," she said.

I managed it finally. It wasn't easy.

—JAMES THURBER

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VALENTINA, the designer, will be in Paris when her broadcast is heard over ABC Sunday night at 9. She transcribed the broadcast and her friends know it will be a novel one. "Valentina," said one of them, "has revolutionized the English language. She's eliminated all the definite articles." When Valentina telephones an invitation, it's "Come dinner. We go ballet."—*Leonard Lyons in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Turn off radio. We go beddie bye.

WHITE FOR THE BRIDE

WHEN Billy Gordon, the young curate of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, dropped in, as he always did, for his Tuesday tea, Mrs. Telemon was beautifully seated in front of her huge, square window, sewing tucks into her daughter's wedding gown with microscopic stitches. "You must forgive me," she said. Her smile flickered toward the doorway, where he stood. "It's a sort of ritual, you know. After all, Jane is all I have."

She appreciated the effect of herself, dressed in blue, against the wide window, her hair shining softly in the afternoon light and the ivory-tinted satin spilling across her lap. Billy Gordon would be noticing, too, that the bowl of delphiniums on the table repeated the color note of her eyes exactly. That was a most satisfactory thing about him. He could be depended upon to catch accurately the impression one wished to create, to reflect one's mood like a particularly good mirror. She liked mirrors. She liked Billy Gordon. Perhaps if Jane had been a boy, she would have been rather like Billy, Mrs. Telemon thought—and how much *closer* she'd have felt to a son! There was something disarmingly fresh and unspoiled about Billy. Although he was twenty-eight, his skin had the bloom of a boy's. So many young curates had that virginal look. She wondered why. When he walked in the procession, with the jewelled cross going before him, and his face lifted, inspired, she seemed always to hear faintly the music of "Parsifal" behind the strong downbeat of "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

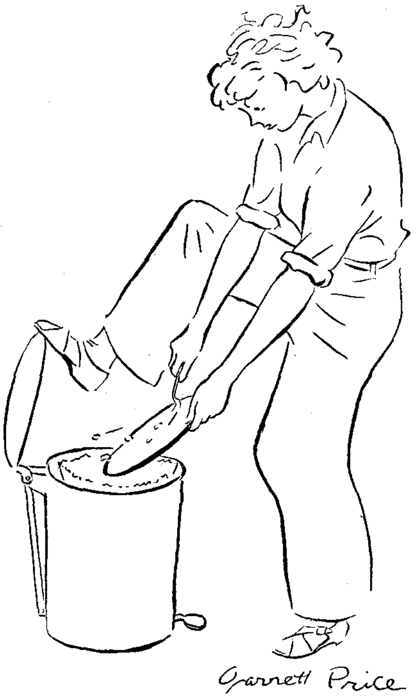
He had, too, a charming habit of blushing slightly whenever marriage was mentioned, and he blushed now as he sat down discreetly, not too near her, not too far away. She had never been able to determine whether this timidity about matrimony was due to a natural purity or to the fact that he intended, sooner or later, to ask her to marry him. Oh, I *do* hope he won't, she always thought when this idea came into her mind, though she could not resist visualizing the scene with a certain pleasure—her renunciation, tender, beautiful, and so subtly keyed to the occasion that Billy Gordon would by no means feel it obligatory to stop adoring her with his stricken eyes every Tuesday afternoon over amber-colored China tea. Life was full of such abnegations, such moments of self-denial. What, indeed, would life be without them?

"Jane," he was saying, blushing. "Jane will be a great loss to you. A lovely girl. Very—*forthright*."

"Almost to a fault." Mrs. Telemon's smile appeared gently. "You know, Billy, I sometimes think I have never understood Jane very well. Isn't that a dreadful thing to say about one's only child? But Jane and I are so *different*."

"Oh, entirely different!" Billy Gordon cried with conviction, adoring her with his eyes. "Oh, I admire Jane tremendously," he said, and he looked earnest and a bit anxious, as if someone had accused him of not admiring Jane. "But no one would take her for your daughter, Mrs. Telemon—Grace. It's not only that you couldn't be—well, *old* enough to have . . . No, it's not just that, you know. But I feel that Jane—if I may be frank?—perhaps lacks that *fineness*, that hunger for perfection, that I—that we *all* find in you." He wound up the speech abruptly, furiously embarrassed.

Mrs. Telemon glowed. "Why, Billy!" she cried radiantly. "That's one of the nicest things anyone ever said to me. Do you know that? As a reward, you get éclairs for tea." She laid aside Jane's dress and stood for an instant smiling at Billy Gordon. She was filing his words away in her mind for future reference. She owned a priceless collection of such treasures, and when she was afflicted by blue days or white nights, she let them slide delicately through her mind. Each hour a pearl, each pearl a—not a prayer, exactly. Perhaps each pearl a man? But that seemed not wholly in accord with the tone she had preserved throughout her life. She could sum up neatly in a phrase her philosophy regarding men: Hold them at arm's length. Anything thus held could never dangerously touch you, for fingertips were safe. Even Nick Willson (surely the most attractive of her past worshippers, and a man who wore evening clothes better than any other she'd ever known) had not got much farther than the fingertips. It was Nick who had called her "dear lady." She loved that. It was exactly right. "Timeless," he'd said. "You will never grow old, dear lady. With those innocent eyes, too large for your face. Ageless. Like Cleopatra." And to think of his marrying that Hammond girl! So ordinary, so obvious, got up in that poison-green affair that fitted her like her skin, so everything showed as plain as day and you could tell she hadn't a stitch on underneath. Mrs. Telemon had thought, Well, Nick Willson is the last man on earth to be taken in by *such* wiles. But he had been taken in. Sheer animal attraction. And of course it was herself that he had loved. Hopelessly.



OVER the éclairs and the pale tea, Billy Gordon began to speak of Mrs. Zabriskie, and this distressed Mrs. Telemon, not only because she had never liked Mrs. Zabriskie (an assertive, *competent* type of woman) but also because Mrs. Zabriskie had passed away the previous week. Grace Telemon's friends and acquaintances passed away; they never crudely died. To her, death was an obscenity, scarcely to be mentioned.

Billy Gordon was saying in an episcopal tone, "The Church has lost one of her most loyal workers," and Mrs. Telemon hastened to agree, darting about in her mind for some path leading away from this dank, forbidden region, and at the same time uttering her unvarying comment on the end of man.

"Death," she said, "is so final." To that, of course, nothing needed to be added, and she felt that now Emma Zabriskie could decently be left under her mound of expensive floral pieces, which must have been somewhat beaten by yesterday's rain.

Mrs. Telemon, reflective, gently melancholy, picked up Jane's dress and flattened one of the tucks with her thumbnail. "Heaven," she murmured. "I should like Heaven, Billy. Where there will be no more marrying or giving in marriage." She said this because she had an impulse to see Billy Gordon squirm and blush once more. He did, and he swallowed painfully, as if he had a sore throat, before he brought up a reply. "Yet the Church," he said doggedly, "regards marriage as holy. We—we have to remember that, don't you think? No longer as a sacrament, it's true, but still as a—a spiritual union."

Mrs. Telemon sighed, a sigh as light and powdery as a butterfly's wing. "Ah, yes. But quite between ourselves, Billy, when I see Jane and Walter together, I ask myself if there is much of the spiritual between them. I really ask myself."

Billy Gordon was so pinkly embarrassed as almost to be rendered speechless. He blurted at last, "Perhaps you should *talk* to Jane."

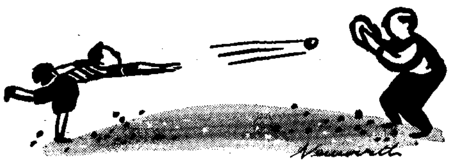
"Oh, no one can talk to Jane," Mrs. Telemon said with resignation. "Least of all myself, Billy. She only smiles, or says the most outrageous things. Jane is the apple of my eye, as you know. Only . . ."

For a time, they both sat staring downward, as if to discover in their teacups the shape of whatever unimaginable thing it was that held Walter and Jane together. They searched the cups, each with its thin disc of lemon drowned in amber, like people gazing into deep water, fearful and fascinated. Then each was suddenly and sharply aware of the other. It was Mrs. Telemon who first freed herself of the trance and of the queer, alarming proximity into which it had thrown them. She drew back a little, as if arm's length had been violated, and said, with her troubled delphinium eyes turned windowward, "Ah, Billy, if only the animal could be put down in us! In human beings, I mean. I think of my own marriage. What a nightmare it all was!" She had an almost ironclad rule against mentioning the six years she had lived with Mr. Telemon, but now, impetuously, she broke it, because Billy Gordon's reactions were sure to be enormously interesting and, in an oblique way, flattering.

"Yes. Yes. But you have risen above it," he mumbled, fishing out his handkerchief and wiping his palms with it. "Purity of spirit is triumphant in the end, don't you agree? After all," he went on hollowly, "it was our Lord who said, 'Blessed are the pure in heart . . .' "

"But how ironic," said Grace Telemon with the dreaming look that was so becoming to her face, "how *strange* that I should have married the one man in my life who had no perception, no appreciation of those—those qualities." She glanced at Billy Gordon's face, thinking swiftly that Miss Davies would have the pale-yellow dress finished before next Tuesday and that Billy would then see her as a flower, fragile, not to be touched, always to be adored. "My husband," she said with a brave rush of candor, "was an unfeeling type of man. Oh, unthinkable, the things he said to me! Especially that last, awful day when he went away for good. After six years of trying to pull me down to his level, Billy. And then—that."

Billy Gordon, in anguish, had abruptly pushed aside the last inch of éclair as if he'd discovered it to be saturated with some toxic substance. And Mrs. Telemon, having permitted herself to stray so far down the dark alleys of the past, was unable to turn her mind back at once. For several moments, she was quite unaware of Billy and his agony, unaware even of her own blue image, beautiful against the wide window. It was Paul Telemon she was seeing, standing with his feet wide apart and firmly planted in the middle of a Chinese rug (thank goodness she'd got rid of *that!*), and his dark face darker with anger. She remembered his eyes and the way the words broke through his tight and angry lips, words hard-cut and precise, their edges sharp as stone, hitting her squarely in the face. She had stopped up her ears, but the words had



WITHOUT RESERVATION

(Fragments from the Diary of a Summer Tourist in Canada)

MOUNTAIN INTERLUDE

They might just as well
  Have been holding conventions
At every hotel
  In the Scenic Laurentians.

O GOD, O MONTREAL!

In Montreal, in Montreal,
  We saw two nuns with look seraphic.
We saw the rain incessant fall
  On us and on the tangled traffic.
We saw some interesting tombs,
  A park, full many a Gothic steeple,
An inn that boasts a thousand rooms
  (All saved for other people).

PASTORAL

At quaint, old-worldly Ste. Agathe,
We got a Room. But not a Bath.

MURRAY BAY

They had no vacancies for two
At Château Murray or the Richelieu.
So we did not stay
At Murray Bay.

ANCIENT CITY

Streets of Quebec are charming to remember—
  Steep, cobbled, wearing courtyards at the back,
Called by the names of saints. (Booked till September
  We found the Frontenac.)
Along the river, youth went promenading
  That summer eve. We watched them from a bench,
Then ate a dinner à la carte, applauding
  Each other's French.
The Clarendon regretted. We fell heir to
  Some guesthouse chamber, showerless and hot.
At morning, we departed, taking care to
  Garder la droite. —Phyllis McGinley

• •

struck at her anyway. "By God, you're a virtuous woman," Paul had said. "I wish I didn't have to leave Jane at your mercy. You've poisoned me and you'll poison her." (Well, he needn't have worried, for she'd certainly had very little influence on Jane, so much the worse for *her*, poor child.) And then, just before he slammed out the door—with his hat already on his head, mind you—he said, "Your heart is a mirror, and nothing in it but your own damned face." Forget it, she thought. Forget it.

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For here was dear Billy Gordon, devoted, murmuring solace over a teacup. What a mistake it was to look back! Destroy each year as you put it behind you—that was the only intelligent way to deal with life. She said, "People like you and me, Billy, must rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, as who-was-it said. One can only hope that dear Jane and Walter will come to see the truth of that. Do let me pour you some hot tea." As she reached for his cup, the hollow between her breasts showed for an instant in the blue V of the dress. "Lemon and one lump," she said, ritualistic, bravely gay.

Billy Gordon, toiling painfully up out of Hell, circle by circle, inclined his head. "Thank you," he said gratefully.

—Constance Wagner

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

Mr. Roosevelt, a bulky man in conservative blue and smiling over a small, blond mustache . . .

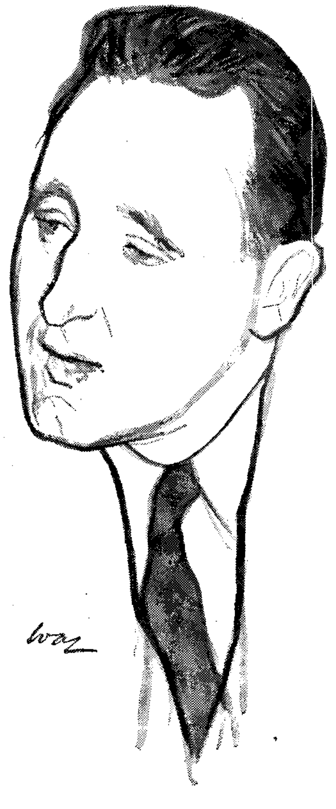
PROFILES

INSIDE

JOHN GUNTHER, the author of "Inside Europe," "Inside Asia," "Inside Latin America," and "Inside U.S.A.," is sick and tired of people who steal his trademark and of people who ask him when he is going to write a book called "Inside Gunther." Together, these two groups make up quite a large segment of humanity. Since the publication of "Inside Europe," eleven years ago, there have been about thirty "Inside" books by other writers, or enough to fill up a couple of bookshelves in Gunther's New York apartment. Only a few small and undeserving countries have missed having "Inside" books written about them. There are three called "Inside Germany." There are, besides, a dozen with such titles as "Inside the Department of State," "Inside the F.B.I.," "Inside Our D-Days," "Inside Vermont," "Inside California," "Inside Dover," and "Inside Medicine," a popular work about the intestines. The magazine and newspaper adaptations of the idea run high into the hundreds. Since "Inside Europe" appeared, scarcely a week has passed that some editor has not rested his brain by putting an "Inside" title on one of his articles. For several months after the Allied landings in France, various dispatches from the Continent were date-lined "Inside Europe." As for "Inside Gunther," Gunther can't bear to estimate how many people have asked about it. In fact, when he meets someone who does *not* bring up "Inside Gunther" within the first five minutes, he is willing to put him down as one of the towering intellects of the age. Gunther is one of the gentlest and most amiable of men. He would sooner pass up a subcontinent than hurt anyone's feelings. When he is asked the awful question, he cringes inwardly, but he manages to produce a chuckle or two before saying that he really doesn't expect to write an autobiography. Despite all his forbearance, the situation grows worse and worse. The really cute types are now suggesting that he call the book "Inside Out." He tells them that three wits have already used that title for their own books. Some men dread medical examinations because of the bad news they may hear; Gunther dreads them because of the bad jokes he may hear. "You can imagine what happens when I need an X-ray," he says. "It's ghastly." Whenever Gunther plays poker, someone is sure to bring up the matter of an inside straight. The thing has gone so far that when he wires a hotel for a reservation the reply will say something like "Expecting you inside us April 24th."

Somewhat morosely, Gunther says that he has heard only one really good "Inside" joke. Its author was Lord Louis Mountbatten, and it was made on Malta in the summer of 1943, when Gunther, then a radio and newspaper correspondent, was at Eisenhower's headquarters there. The Luftwaffe was giving Malta the business every day, and Gunther, like the rest of the population, was spending most of his time in the deep caves that provided natural air-raid shelters. Away from barbers and valets, Gunther has a hard time of it. He had been on battered Malta for several weeks, and had got into frowzy shape. His uniform was dirty and rumpled, and all the buttons were off. One day when he was at his grimiest, the dim cave in which he was hiding was suddenly illuminated by the arrival of half a dozen gleaming white uniforms of the British Navy. They were worn by Lord Louis Mountbatten and several aides, all of them fresh from their ship. "Mountbatten spotted me and started moving down the tunnel in which I was sitting," Gunther recalls. "He looked like Sonja Henie in ermine. He peered at me through the darkness down there, about ten feet north of Hell, and said, 'I say there, old chap, you really *are* inside Malta, aren't you?' "

Gunther's plight is one of the odder consequences of the fact that in an age that has elevated its journalists above its poets and philosophers, he is perhaps the world's foremost journalist. He is certainly the foremost world journalist. The entire planet is his beat. He is a sort of society reporter for all mankind. He still has some mopping up to do on a couple of outlying continents, but he will get to these in due time. He is already pricing elephants and pith helmets for the travels that will result in "Inside Africa," which his publishers figure will be the international best-seller of 1950. "Inside Australia" should follow in 1952. He may lump the Arctic and Antarctic together in one omnibus volume. These books will help to keep alive Gunther's reputation, but they cannot greatly add to it. He may pick up a few new fans with "Inside Africa," but most literate Bongos and Swahilis already know of him. It's the same thing everywhere. A few Eskimos of the more provincial sort may read Gunther for the first time when he gets around to their race, but for most of them the chief interest will be to see how they stack up alongside other peoples in Gunther's estimation.



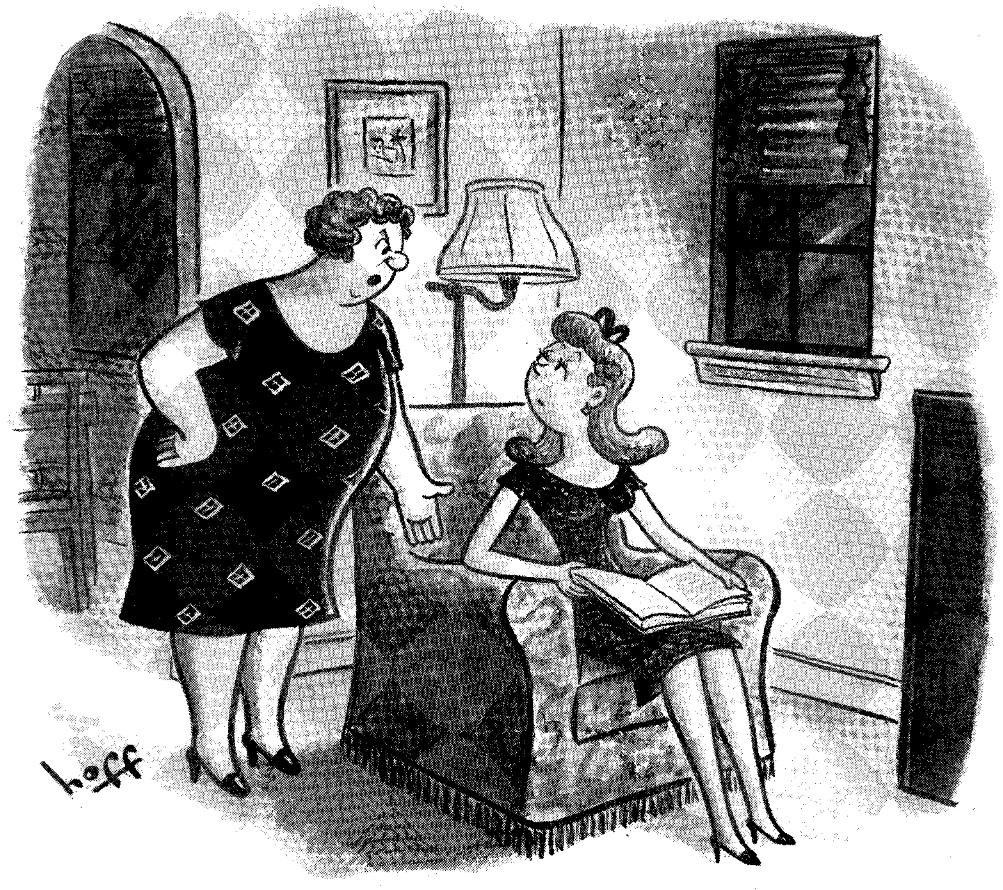
John Gunther

Gunther is one of the half-dozen or so authentic international celebrities. There is a bar in Bagdad named after him, and the Texas legislature once convened a special session in his honor. He is on easy terms with all the world's important potentates except Stalin. The late George II of Greece made him a Virgin Eagle, Second Class. In 1937, the Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Linlithgow, threw centuries of precedent aside and invited Gunther, who bore no credentials beyond a reporter's police card, to bunk in the Viceroy's palace. A couple of years ago, when Gunther got through interviewing the Governor of Oklahoma, the Governor took out a pad and pencil, explained that he was a columnist himself, and begged permission to interview Gunther. In Amman, King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan let Gunther see his most treasured possession, a set of Coney Island distorting mirrors. When some of the Dutch Royal Family were at the White House, the Roosevelts presented them to Gunther. There is no cause for alarm in the fact that Gunther has not yet struck up a friendship with Stalin. His standing in Russia is excellent. Wendell Willkie said that when he visited the Lenin Library, in Moscow, he was treated very coolly until, passing a stack of Gunther books, he remarked that the author of them was a good friend of his.

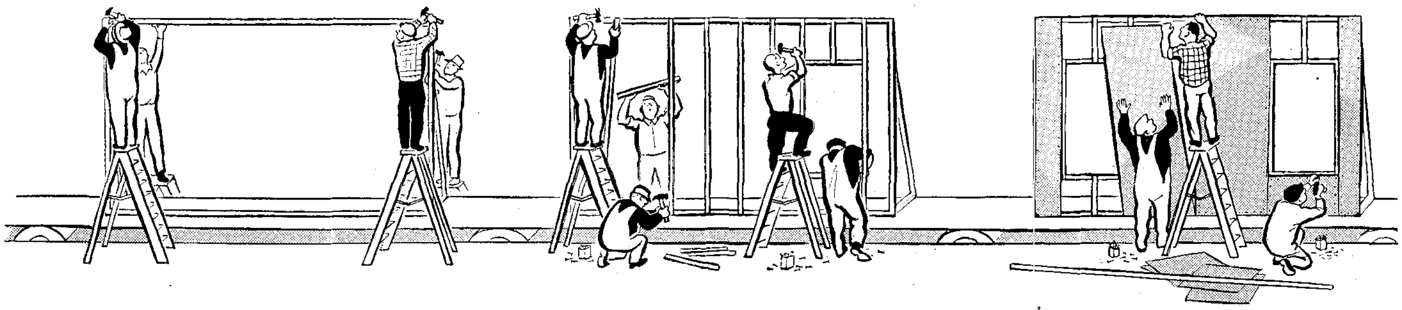
UP to now, Gunther has been better known in most foreign countries than at home, but his reputation in this country is impressive enough. Each of his large surveys has been distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. "Inside Latin America" and "Inside U.S.A." were regular monthly choices of the Club; "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia" were dividends. It is, of course, honor enough to be tapped once by the Club, but to be tapped four times, and on two of those occasions to be a book dividend, is, according to Club officials, to achieve a particularly rare and desirable state of grace. It is like having a monument erected to one during one's lifetime. In book-club circles, a dividend has more cachet than a monthly selection, even though it is likely to be less profitable to the author. The competition is tougher. "I'd say that having been both a dividend and a selection is really the most striking part of his record," a Club executive said recently. "The dividends are mostly classics, you know—Longfellow, Omar Khayyám, and that sort of thing. The judges have nothing to do with picking dividends. We pick them right here in the business office. Most often, we offer our readers Dickens, Tolstoy, treasuries of art masterpieces—the very best stuff. Well, sir, when we give them Gunther, right along with all those big fellows, he steps right out in front. The people want him." Gunther is now in such good standing with the Book-of-the-Month Club that practically as soon as there is a rumor of an impending Gunther book the judges suspend their normal practice of choosing books already written and settle quickly on Gunther. "Inside U.S.A." became the Club's June, 1947, selection in November, 1946, when Gunther still had twenty chapters to go. The judges read thirty-two chapters and a brief outline of what was to come. The deal on "Inside Latin America" was closed when Gunther had written only half of it. "Of course, you couldn't do that with just any writer," Harry Scherman, the co-founder and president of the Club, has explained. "Some of them start out like winners and then break down halfway through. But with a fellow like John Gunther, you don't run that kind of risk. If he's good on Texas and California, you can be pretty damn sure he'll be good on New York and Pennsylvania. I read only one chapter of 'Inside U.S.A.' myself, but then I'm not one of our judges."

Altogether, what with the books the judges read all the way through and the ones they didn't, the Club has distributed a million and a quarter copies of Gunther's books. Another million and a quarter have been sold in the conventional way. No single Gunther book has done as well as "Gone With the Wind," "Anthony Adverse," or "How to Win Friends and Influence People," but there was a distinct flash-in-the-pan quality about those books; their authors never did it again. Each book by Gunther sells just about as well as another. He has stability. His name has been on the best-seller lists seven of the last eleven years. A few years back, to establish Gunther's position once and for all, his publishers, Harper & Brothers, put up a prize of twenty-five dollars for any statistician who could prove that any other author had ever done better than that. The twenty-five is still in escrow.

Although Gunther has never set a record for sales with any one book, it looks as if he might do it with "Inside U.S.A." It has already set a few minor records. Its first printing was a hundred and twenty-five thousand, the largest ever ordered by Harper's. This, of course, was on top of the Book-of-the-Month Club's order of almost four hundred thousand. On Saturday, May 31st, three days after it was published, it accounted for ninety per cent of the day's book business done at Macy's. Nothing like that had ever happened before. It would take a rash prophet to set a ceiling on the heights to which Gunther may soar with his latest book. He is not subject to the economic laws that operate against other authors. The market for books is what economists describe as inelastic. The classic example of the inelastic market is the casket business. No one can use more than one casket. If there were more coffins in a country's stock pile than there were people in the country, the coffin industry would be well advised to shut down operations for ten or fifteen years. The demand for any book, no matter how remarkable, is inexorably limited: no member of the reading public needs more than one copy of any one book. As soon as a reader buys a copy of a book, he is permanently retired from the market for it, unless he can be talked into giving away copies for Christmas, in which case he retires other people from the market. None of this has any bearing on the sales of "Inside U.S.A." When this book reaches its saturation point, perhaps a year or two from now—that is, when everyone who wants and can afford a copy already has



"When I was your age, you was a baby already."

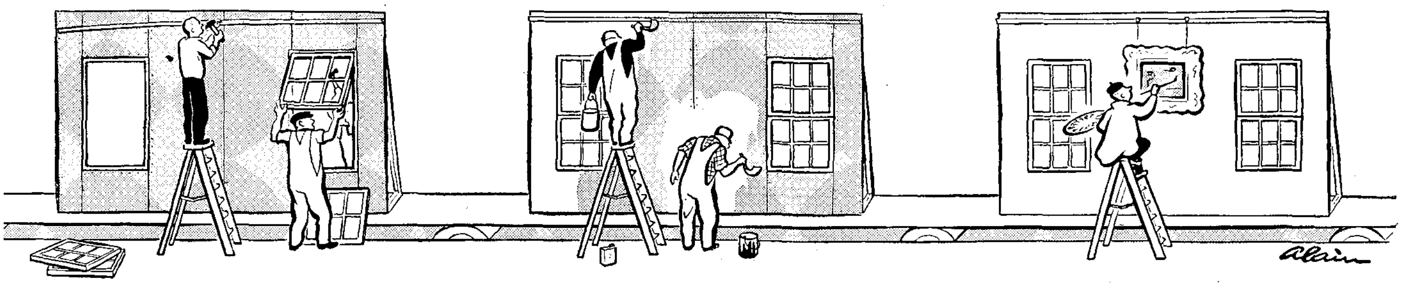


one—Harper's will begin selling readers their second copy. Harper's has discovered that books by Gunther can be sold the way dress manufacturers sell dresses and automobile makers sell cars—by changing the model. The experiment has already proved successful with "Inside Asia" and "Inside Europe." It will be done on a much larger scale with "Inside U.S.A." There were seven models of "Inside Europe." There was a 1936 model, a 1937 model, a 1938 model, a "Peace" (or Munich) model, two "War" models, and a model with illustrations. " 'Inside Europe' . . . was a sensational departure in publishing," a Harper's archivist has written. "It was a book that kept pace with history. For the first time a publisher and an author collaborated to keep a book on current events completely up to date." For a while, Harper's considered putting out a loose-leaf edition and merely selling new parts every so often. The idea was wisely abandoned. It would have been as foolish as if, when fashion demands longer skirts, dress manufacturers sold women an extra piece of material with which to lengthen them, or as if, when an improved windshield wiper was devised, Chrysler just sold new wipers to be installed in old cars. Far better to sell a whole new dress, a whole new car, a whole new book. Harper's advertising began to play on the theme that there was something backward, if not downright infra dig, about having last year's edition of "Inside Europe" around the house when next year's was on the market. The man who hung onto his Peace edition after war had been declared was living in a dream world. There was at first some sales resistance, but Harper's overcame it with a device used by Ford and General Motors. The buyer of a new Gunther book got a trade-in allowance on his old copy. If a man with a Munich edition, not wishing his friends to get the wrong idea, went to his bookstore for a War edition, he was allowed fifty cents on his old copy, which was either given to a hospital or an orphan asylum or sold in the second-hand market. The seven models of "Inside Europe" ran to ninety-five American and foreign printings and sold, altogether, better than a half-million copies. The first model of "Inside U.S.A." has already gone over a half-million copies. Assuming that the book keeps on at this pace and that it goes through as many models and printings as "Inside Europe" did, it will sell in the neighborhood of thirteen million copies, which would be three hundred per cent higher than the record made by "Gone With the Wind."

Gunther's worldwide popularity is probably greater than that of any other living writer. A few authors may outsell Gunther in one or two countries, but nobody comes up to him as an all-round international favorite. His following is a delayed rebuke to the Reverend Sydney Smith, who in 1820 could get no satisfactory answer to the question "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?" Today the answer is, in all four quarters, everyone. There are plenty of Letts, Hondurans, and Outer Mongolians who, even if they have heard of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or the Reverend Sydney Smith, have surely never read any of their work, but who queue up at their bookstores as soon as a new Gunther book appears. It is impossible to exaggerate the extent or the enthusiasm of Gunther's foreign following. Once, for example, a few months after the publication of "Inside Europe," Gunther, vacationing in an Austrian forest, was sitting alone on a raft in a lake. As far as he knew, there wasn't another human being within miles. Suddenly, there was a splashing beside him. A stranger who had been swimming underwater came to the surface and clambered aboard the raft. While he was still panting and pushing his hair back out of his eyes, he asked Gunther what he thought of John Gunther's "Inside Europe."

Gunther is not a revolutionary force in his own country, as he is elsewhere, but he is still a force. Perhaps he cannot inspire political unrest, as he has in other countries, but he can inspire civic reforms. In "Inside U.S.A.," he said that he had found the streets of Indianapolis in an unkempt condition. Other visitors had noticed this before and had remarked on it, but Indianapolis had been apathetic. A few hours after reviewers' copies of the book reached the Indianapolis newspapers, Gunther was advised by telegram that, spurred on by the press, the citizens were massing for a great anti-dirt campaign. This striking example of the influence of Gunther's pen is meagre beside what he accomplished in Ecuador. He happened to say, in "Inside Latin America," that he had been quite favorably impressed by a local statesman named Galo Plaza, and that he was such a flashy performer that he would almost certainly get to be President eventually. Several Ecuadorians had had the same idea for quite a while, but they had been waiting for a revolutionary situation to develop. When they read "Inside Latin America," they thought a revolutionary situation had developed. Once it got around that Gunther thought highly of Galo Plaza, they felt certain that peasants and proletarians would begin stampeding into the Galo Plaza movement. A few months after the book was published, a Galo Plaza revolution began. It was beaten down, but some of the revolutionists have said that it would have been a success if they had waited until "Inside Latin America" had become the all-time Ecuadorian best-seller. It is conceivable that someday Boston will ban a book by Gunther, but it is unlikely that it will ever honor him with a Boston Tea Party. Panama did. When an issue of the *Reader's Digest* containing a Gunther article that disparaged the administration of the Republic appeared on the newsstands there, the government confiscated all the copies and had the Panamanian Navy dump them into the sea, just far enough out so that they would not block the Canal.

GUNTHER is forty-five, but he looks a good deal younger. In fact, he looks like a recently graduated football star from one of the Corn Belt univer-



sities. He is tall and blond, with a bulldozer frame, blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and incongruously delicate features. He is gregarious and expansive, but not overbearing. A man who gets around a lot among kings, rajahs, and generalissimos, and is a literary celebrity too, might be expected to develop regal and commanding ways. Gunther hasn't. He is one of the least enthusiastic participants in the world Gunther craze. "Those books of mine," he will sometimes say, "they're fun to write, and people like them, but they're *so*, *so* superficial." By his own analysis, his personality is compounded of aggressiveness and shyness in almost equal parts. "I'm like a man who crashes a party and then sits moping in a corner all evening," he occasionally remarks. Fortunately for him, the demure and self-effacing side of his nature does not assert itself in critical moments. On the one hand, he is constantly belittling his own work; on the other hand, he has the temerity to take on the world a continent at a time. He has an unflattering theory that his success is founded solidly upon ignorance—his own and that of his readers. "You know, I'm really naïve as hell," he says. "When I tell a story, I put in everything—even the facts the readers ought to know already. That's probably why people read me. Other writers act as though their readers had absorbed everything in the encyclopedia, so they go on to tell them what isn't in the encyclopedia. I know very little myself, and I figure my readers know as little as I do. It nearly always turns out I'm right." Sometimes, he admits, his ignorance exceeds that of the average reader, and it becomes necessary for his publishers to edit him up to the general level of ignorance. "Cass Canfield had to cut wads of stuff out of 'Inside U.S.A.,' " he told someone the other day. (Canfield is the chairman of the board of Harper's, and Gunther's editor.) "For instance, if I'm writing about cow country, I'm as likely as not to explain that cows are four-legged, and that they are the source of steaks and milk, and that they live on grasses and are sheltered in barns. There were whole reams of stuff like that that Cass had to cut out so I wouldn't look like an ignoramus. But of course I *am* an ignoramus."

Gunther's success may be a tribute to ignorance, but it is certainly also a tribute to daring and ingenuity. For example, by taking on the job of writing about his own country after twenty-three years as a foreign correspondent, he boldly inverted a pattern so firmly set that it had acquired almost the status of a folkway. According to this pattern, the American foreign correspondent starts out in this country as a police reporter or sportswriter and gradually works his way up, through city halls, county seats, state capitals, and Washington, to the big jobs overseas. Gunther began as a foreign correspondent and gradually worked his way back to the city halls and county courthouses. Between 1924 and 1936, he represented the Chicago *Daily News* in twenty European capitals, and between 1936 and 1945 he interviewed everyone of importance in Asia and Latin America, all in preparation for his assignment of soliciting the views of the mayor of Provo, Utah, and the governor of West Virginia for "Inside U.S.A." To begin with, there is a good hundred or two hundred dollars a week difference between covering the city hall of Vienna, say, and the city hall of any American city, and then, as Gunther has lately proved, the man who has covered Vienna can, when he begins to feel the pull of hearth and home, go back to Main Street and clean out the banks by writing courthouse news.

Gunther was born in Chicago on August 30, 1901. His father, Eugene McClellan Gunther, was a moderately prosperous real-estate dealer, and his mother had been a schoolteacher. The family is not related to the famous Chicagoan Charles Gunther, the inventor of the caramel and the chocolate mouse. John Gunther spent his boyhood in a kind of middle-middle-class neighborhood on the North Side and attended the public schools and the University of Chicago. At the university, in his sophomore year, he became a campus hero on the strength of a recondite essay. Customarily, the writing of essays is a sure way to ostracism in college, but Gunther's performance made him the social equal of a shot-putter or a saxophonist. His entry in a campus essay contest was a dissertation on James Branch Cabell. The judges, all professors of English, felt that Gunther's composition had certain merits of style and perception, but they seemed not to have heard of James Branch Cabell, and they thought that the prize, fifty dollars, should go to an essay dealing with a really well-known literary figure, like Elkanah Settle or Thomas of Erceldoune. Gunther sent the rejected essay to the *Bookman*, which bought it at the usual space rates, according to which, it turned out, the piece was worth fifty-one dollars. It was the fifty-first dollar that made Gunther famous on the campus. If he had won the contest, he would have got nothing more than some perfunctory applause on Commencement Day. If he had sold the piece to the *Bookman* for forty-nine dollars, he would have lived on in obscurity. But the dollar by which he topped the professors' award gave the student body a sense of gratification, a vicarious thrill of revenge. It was as though the coach had put him on the scrub team and Walter Camp had made him an All-American.

After his success with the *Bookman*, Gunther began to see himself as a Sainte-Beuve or a Matthew Arnold. He wrote to twenty-five or thirty of the Eastern book publishers, telling them that John Gunther, of Chicago, was ready to deliver his critical opinions on contemporary books and suggesting that any books they thought worthy should be forwarded to him. His letters sounded so important that dozens of complimentary copies of the latest books began to arrive. He published his opinions of them in the college paper, the *Daily Maroon*. Seeing no good reason why, in an age of syndication, his views on literature should be available only to the readers of one publication, he sent a prospectus of the Gunther book service to a selected group of sixty or seventy newspaper editors around the country. Several of them accepted, at three-fifty a week, and by the time he was nineteen he had his own column, which he distributed through his own syndicate. Harry Hansen, then the literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, liked the way Gunther wrote and had him do occasional book reviews for the *News* in addition to running his syndicated column. Once established as a book reviewer, Gunther tried to move in on dramatic criticism. When he learned that Percy Hammond was leaving the Chicago *Tribune* for the New York *Tribune*, he applied for Hammond's job. Twenty-five plays had gone to Chicago that year, and Gunther had seen them all. The night he learned about Hammond, he sat down and wrote—refreshing his memory from the programs, which he had kept—long reviews of all twenty-five. He sent them to Edward S. Beck, then the managing editor of the *Tribune*. The theatre lost Gunther to world reporting by a hair. Beck replied that the reviews were good enough to hold the job but not quite good enough to get it.

The book-reviewing syndicate might have grown into an international cartel if Gunther had not been so much influenced by the books he was reviewing. The first World War had ended a couple of years before, and the best American writing was being done in Europe. Gunther decided to go there. He liquidated his syndicate, gave up his job on the *News*, left college several weeks before graduation, and shipped across the Atlantic on a cattle boat to begin a twentieth-century version of the nineteenth-century grand tour. The university mailed him his diploma; the Phi Beta Kappa chapter there is still holding his Phi Beta Kappa key for him. Gunther did not think of himself as a journalist then. He had no interest in politics. He arrived in Rome the day Mussolini marched on the city in a sleeping car. In fact, his train pulled into the station just a couple of hours ahead of Mussolini's. Gunther paid as little attention to Mussolini as Mussolini paid to him. Gunther was completely wrapped up in art. He had elected himself a member of the Lost Generation. To show what he could do, he worked out, in 1922, a brand-new wrinkle in Lost Generation novels. It was "High Sat White Helen," which had the same plot as "This Side of Paradise" but had a woman instead of a man as the principal sufferer. Some literary agents in New York thought they could make a killing for Gunther with this ingenious twist, but Gunther, who has always been his own best critic, decided not to let the book be published. Later in his career, however, he wrote several other novels that were published. Most of them were written on the Riviera or in the Alps, on vacations from his newspaper work, and all of them were ninety-proof Fitzgerald and Hemingway. In one of them, for example, a mixed group of groping souls spends a riotous night in a bank vault and goes out early in the morning to grab gallows-side seats at a hanging.

COUNTRY PLACE

There is no sound from the beautiful box trees;
The garden queens it alone.
The rich—always rich, too, in sorrow
And sudden departures—
Abandoned the green evenings
And the ordered stone.

Already the coming archeological
Shadow passes
Between the sun and the terrace,
Where we are alone
With cloistered flowers
And ebbings
Of lives lived out elsewhere.

Inside, the spoons and candelabra,
The whole gilded scheme,
Now a motionless channel; we are alone—
Lust and leisure
Packed off to other temporary quarters,
In another dream.

But why do we look for soul among the box trees
Where even nostalgia has fled,
Or for old-fashioned ghosts in houses
So quickly dead?
—GERTA KENNEDY

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GUNTHER had a little trouble getting started as a foreign correspondent. In 1922, having seen Europe and having decided that he wanted to settle down there, he made a brief return visit to this country and joined the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*, with an eye to getting himself sent back to Europe. The *News* tried hard to squeeze him into its mold. Its convention-ridden editors held that a man ought to have some experience with local news before taking on world events. For several months, Gunther covered municipal politics, crime, and other routine assignments. Pretty soon, however, he told his editors that he thought he ought to be sent overseas. They told him not to be silly; he was only twenty-three, and there were men twice his age on the waiting list for jobs abroad. Gunther resigned. He had just enough money for a third-class passage on the Olympic. When he got to New York, he learned that the Prince of Wales was to be a fellow-passenger, and he talked the United Press into raising his passage from third to second class in exchange for some interviews with the Prince. Then he got a hundred dollars spending money from Reuters for some other shipboard interviews. He reached London broke. It occurred to him that the *News* office there might be more astute than the home office. He went around and asked for a job. Someone was leaving, and it seemed easier to take on a replacement who was already on the scene than to send back to Chicago for one. Gunther lasted only a few weeks; when his name turned up on the

Helen E. Hokinson

"Norman, I want to talk to you about Christmas."

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payroll submitted to Chicago, the London office was ordered to fire him. It was felt that it would be demoralizing to the staff if a man who couldn't get what he wanted at the home office had merely to show up at one of the branches to get it. Gunther went down the street and got a job with the United Press. He didn't like it there. It wasn't long before he was back with the *News'* London office, which took the view that his period of service with the U.P. put him in a new category.

When Gunther was first working for the *News* in Europe, he had no regular assignment. He was a kind of utility infielder, or swing man. He was used to replace colleagues on vacations or leaves of absence. The job was invaluable preparation for writing "Inside Europe." Gunther hit every city on the Continent and built up a first-class collection of kings and presidents. He interviewed everyone from Lloyd George to Trotsky, from De Valera to Admiral Horthy. After a few years of circuit riding, he worked for longer periods in London, Paris, and Vienna. Gradually, he became one of the best known of all the American foreign correspondents, though not for the reasons the others had achieved celebrity. For one thing, he was not much of a hand at spot news. It is widely believed that the quickest way to get ahead in newspaper work is to gather lots of news and to report it quickly. Gunther showed this to be a mere superstition of the trade. "I never really got a big scoop in my life," he says, "and the little ones I got were just plain accidents. I wasn't one of those reporters who managed to be on the scene when big things happened. I was generally somewhere else. Matter of fact, I never really gave a damn about spot news. The idea of beating the Associated Press by six minutes bored me silly." Gunther made his reputation mainly with his background stories. When a story was news, he was almost bound to muff it, but after it had been kicked around a while, he could work wonders with it. High-school and college textbooks are full of Gunther's background stories. Anthologies that illustrate "the topical essay" with selections from Bernard Shaw and Henry van Dyke invariably illustrate "the background story" with something by Gunther. He developed the entire scheme of his books while writing his articles. Whenever his work for the Vienna bureau would allow, he headed for Bulgaria or Greece or wherever and wrote for the *News* a series of simple, precise little pieces, peppered with readable anecdotes and designed to explain to the uninformed American public the mysteries of Balkan politics. After a while, *Vanity Fair*, the *Nation*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* began asking him to write for them. Often, he and M. W. Fodor, the dean of Central European correspondents, went together on hunts for people who could provide them with lively copy. Long before the Anschluss, they went to Braunau, the Austrian town in which Hitler was born, and talked with a number of people who had known Hitler before the world knew him, including the midwife who had delivered him. Another time, at a resort on the Danube, Gunther turned up a waiter who had made a career of waiting on persons engaged in political intrigue; the man had listened in on their plottings, saved their tablecloth jottings, and even had a menu stained with the blood of an archduke who had been assassinated just as he was ordering a dinner.

As a correspondent, Gunther wrote large chunks of "Inside Europe" without knowing it. But when publishers began proposing the idea of doing the book, he didn't like it. The proposals were made because of the success of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" books, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, which were published, anonymously, in 1931 and 1932. They were the first non-fiction books in years to offer serious competition to novels. It occurred to a number of people that the "Merry-Go-Round" formula could be applied to Europe as easily as to the United States. One publisher even whipped up a symposium of European political gossip called "Not to Be Repeated," to which Gunther contributed the chapters on Central Europe. The book didn't do especially well. Gunther's wife, a New York girl named Frances Fineman, whom he married in 1927 and from whom he was divorced in 1944, thought that her husband might do better with a book all his own, and kept encouraging him to try one. He didn't think he should. He still looked upon himself as essentially a novelist, and he wanted to limit his book-writing to fiction. To the publishers who broached the idea of a European "Merry-Go-Round" to him, he said that the only man who could do it was H. R. Knickerbocker. They went to Knickerbocker, who said the only man who could do it was Gunther. Gunther then tried to shoo the publishers away by demanding too large an advance. He said he wouldn't take on the job for anything less than five thousand dollars on account. That was an immense advance in those days, and it did scare off most of the publishers, but finally, in 1935, Harper's and Hamish Hamilton, the London publisher, put up the money. Gunther accepted it reluctantly, put aside his novels, and went calling on the few kings and prime ministers he had not already interviewed. He worked on the book that summer and autumn, and excerpts from it appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. "Inside Europe" was published in January of 1936. The first American printing was five thousand copies, and Hamilton put out a small edition in England. "We figured the book ought to sell just about five thousand," Cass Canfield said recently. "That way, we'd have paid off our part of the advance and have made a fairly decent profit." In seven months, it went through fourteen large printings, and during that time it was taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club as a dividend. The Club alone distributed two hundred and forty thousand copies, and, all told, Gunther hit a jackpot that was estimated to be something over a hundred thousand dollars.

Gunther did not immediately realize that what he had done for Europe he could do profitably for every other con-

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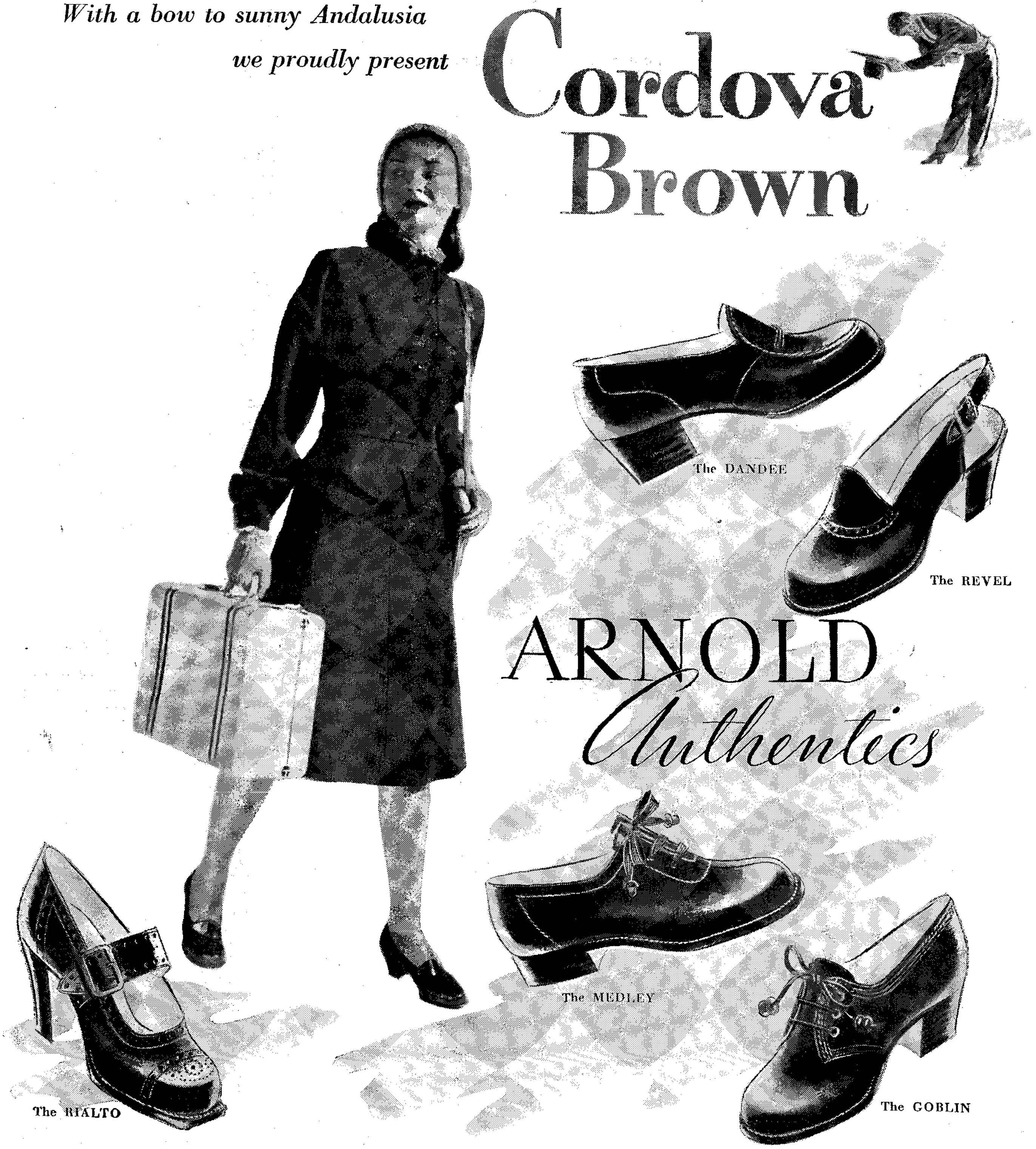
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tinent. It was not until the middle of 1937 that he started work on a book about Asia. Even when he was halfway through, he wasn't fully aware of what he had got hold of. He thought for a while of calling the new book "Outside Asia," on the theory that in the Orient he was a visiting student rather than an established authority. His publishers sensibly overruled him. It was probably about then that the grand design began to take shape in Gunther's mind. This, as he describes it, is an attempt "to chart in continental segments the known political world of today." There are very few works with which it may fairly be compared. There is H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," which might be called a sort of vertical Gunther, but the comparison does not really stand up. Wells' four volumes amount to only 1,395 pages. The first volume of "Inside U.S.A." is almost that long. Arnold J. Toynbee, with his first six volumes of "Study of History," is a few pages up on Gunther at the moment, but Gunther will go far into the lead with his next book. Toynbee, like Gunther, has three or four volumes to come, and the race may be neck and neck the whole way. Any impartial referee, however, would disqualify Toynbee on the ground that he cheats by filling in many pages with documents and quotations. When all this padding is removed, as D. C. Somervell recently demonstrated in his one-volume digest, Toynbee looks like a bantamweight. He could, in fact, be stripped down to around the size of "Inside Latin America," Gunther's skinniest book.

None of Gunther's rivals come anywhere near him in the expenditure of creative energy. Toynbee and Wells have merely drawn on the books of other men in writing their own. Gunther has gathered his material first-hand, chalking up records not only as a writer but as a world traveller and interviewer. An excellent case can be made for him as the most widely travelled man in history, and an unchallengeable case can be made for him as the leading interviewer of all time. No doubt, many sailors, aviators, and railroad men have more mileage to their credit than Gunther, who estimates his total at around a million miles, but it is doubtful that anyone in any of these trades has visited so many places in the world. Sailors go mainly to seaports, fliers to airports, railroad men to railroad towns. Travelling salesmen follow the markets; explorers shun civilization; Gunther goes everywhere. Where trains, boats, and airplanes cannot take him, he goes in sleighs, gharris, droshkies, rickshaws, bullock wagons, seilbahns, and charabancs, and on the backs of elephants, asses, and camels. He has never been in Africa south of Dakar, but he plans to go there next year. Aside from that, a list of places he has not been to would consist principally of insignificant suburbs, inaccessible mountaintops, and utterly worthless stretches like the Dakota Badlands. Generally speaking, Gunther and Nature have neglected the same places. He has been to every country on four continents and to nearly all their important provinces, states, and cities. He has cut corners only twice. He acquired the franchise in Tibet and Afghanistan simply by driving up to the borders of those countries in an automobile and walking ten or fifteen yards into them. He did not go to Lhasa or Kabul, but then very few outsiders ever have. He has no idea how many people he interviewed for his four "Inside" books, but the count, quite apart from a vast number of men in the street, runs well into the thousands. He has talked to practically everyone in the world who has ever made *Time*. Illness, weather, and revolution have caused him to miss an emir or pasha here and a minor cabinet member there, but no one living has talked to the head men of so many countries as Gunther, and before his time no one could have got around fast enough to do all that he has done.

GUNTHER works himself at what would for most other men be a brutal pace. "Inside U.S.A." was only twenty-seven months in the making. He spent thirteen months travelling, fourteen writing. He visited more than three hundred towns and cities, interviewed from two to twenty people a day, and took more than a million words of notes, an average of twenty-three hundred words a day. The book itself is a half-million words long, or roughly two-thirds the length of the Bible. It was a lot longer before his editors cut the sections explaining about things like cows eating grass. Each chapter was set in type as he finished it, and he was going over the proofs of his last chapter as he wrote his next. He did all his own fact checking and research. Most writers would be lucky if such an ordeal gave them nothing worse than ulcers, but it did not bother Gunther. Luckily, he does not find writing the dispiriting chore that most writers do. He just sits down at a desk and writes. Alice Long-worth once called him "a self-wringing sponge." To finish "Inside U.S.A." on time for the Book-of-the-Month Club, he had to work on a fixed schedule of ten or twelve hours a day at the typewriter. When he was not working, however, he enjoyed himself. Except for some occasional art collecting, he is a hobbyless man and, in spite of his rugged appearance, an unathletic one. Most of his spare time is spent with his friends, who are mostly people he met and worked with in his newspaper days—Raymond Swing, William Shirer, Whit Burnett, Dorothy Thompson, Walter Duranty, Jay Allen, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Vincent Sheean, and Sinclair Lewis.

Since 1938, when he came back from the Asia trip, Gunther has made New York his headquarters. He does most of his work in an office on Forty-ninth Street, off Madison Avenue. He has an apartment on Park Avenue in the lower Sixties. He likes New York and plans to go on making it his base of operations. Right at this moment, he is working up a kind of postscript to "Inside U.S.A." He had a few hundred folders of notes—mostly on people in national politics—left over when he finished up last March, and he is putting them together into a book that he will probably call "Inside Washington." Then he will be in the clear to tackle Africa. There is always, of course, the question of what Gunther will do when he runs out of continents. If he goes on at his present speed, the supply will be exhausted in five or six years, when he will be in his early fifties and still good for millions of words. After having dealt so successfully with the great land masses, he might find any subject he could think of a comedown. One solution remains. The last time he revised "Inside Europe" was in 1941. Europe has changed so much since then that another revision is out of the question. His publishers, however, have been urging him to consider starting another continental series, the first volume to be called "Inside Europe Today." He could work on that for a couple of years and then start running through Asia, Latin America, and so on. By 1961 or 1962, it would be time for an "Inside U.S.A. Today." That way, he could go on forever.

—Richard H. Rovere

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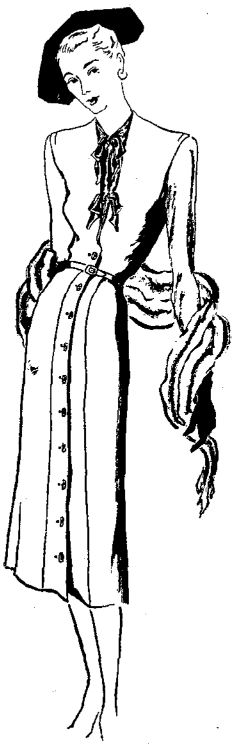

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An RKO Radio Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

THE CURRENT CINEMA

American Classic, British Ephemera

"LIFE WITH FATHER" has been made into a movie as perfectly as you can imagine, by the obvious device of having everybody concerned do everything just right, a device that might well be employed more frequently than it is. Donald Ogden Stewart, who wrote the screen version of the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse (and let's not forget that the play was based on the stories by Clarence Day), has preserved the solid excellences of the original and added a few admirable touches of his own. The cast, with William Powell as Father, Irene Dunne as Vinnie, Elizabeth Taylor as the visiting young dear from Ohio, and Jimmy Lydon as Clarence, the future Yale man, is practically flawless. Zasu Pitts bubbles deftly as a partially welcome guest in the tumultuous Day household, and the numerous servants are properly diverse. Derek Scott, a child actor playing the youngest of the Days, helps, too.

Movie direction is best when it is not noticeable, and Michael Curtiz's direction here is not noticeable. The picture is in Technicolor. Attendance is virtually compulsory, a statement that I hope will be accepted in the non-dictatorial sense in which it is meant.

IT must be granted that a group of nuns established in a palace perched on a Himalayan peak, teaching English and lacemaking to native children, fighting the ceaseless winds, and at the same time warding off the scorn of a British exile in shorts, is not the most likely subject for a film. "Black Narcissus," an English production, deals with such a setup and, surprisingly, succeeds in being more than ordinarily interesting, but the interest, in large part, lies in the settings and the superior Technicolor camera work. The story, from a 1939 novel by Rumer Godden, may have been credible enough as a novel, particularly when written in the clear and gentle style of Miss Godden. As a movie—well, your best bet is to overlook the narrative (or to enjoy its improbabilities) and to take pleasure in an hour and forty minutes of photography. At any rate, the picture does seem to be an honest try at difficult, possibly unwisely chosen screen material.

The religious group, an Anglican order of nuns, is headed by Deborah Kerr, who unfortunately needs more than a nun's habit to look like a nun of any order. Her problems, as Sister Superior, arise from the inability of even the most ardent sisters to cope with the Himalayas (a formidable task for anyone) and to overlook the fact that in this particular order vows run for only a year, not a lifetime, as in most orders. Is it unexpected, then, that before it's all over, one of the nuns should succumb to a desire for the British exile, a high-altitude-beachcomber type?

The character players in "Black Narcissus" are especially fine—notably Sabu, one-time elephant boy, here taking the part of a princely young general, and Jean Simmons, portraying a juvenile delinquent, of the Himalayan branch of juvenile delinquency. David Farrar plays the exiled Englishman stalwartly.

THE most ludicrously windy and noisy gale of modern movie history is part of the climax of "I Know Where I'm Going," another British-made picture. This one stars Wendy Hiller, whom you may remember favorably from "Major Barbara" and "Pygmalion." The storm prevents Miss Hiller, who is in a small powerboat with Roger Livesey and a young fisher lad, from reaching an island in the Hebrides, where she is to marry an elderly, wealthy industrialist. Miss Hiller plays the part of a young woman who has heretofore always known where she was going, in that her one aim has always been to marry rich. At first, the gale, which persists for days, keeps her in a character-laden village on the Scottish mainland, chiefly in the company of Livesey, who is the Laird of Kiloran and has leased the island to the industrialist. At last, defying the screeching threat of the wind machines, the Laird and the fisher lad start to take her across the water. For a time, at this point, I got the impression that I was looking at a British version of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," for here, fighting the gale, was the Laird tinkering with the engine as the puny boat veered toward the edge of a whirlpool, just as Mitty miraculously guides a plane through a storm. At other times during this picture I got the impression that I was watching a modernized adap-

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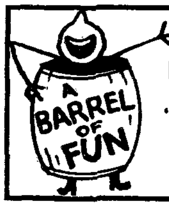

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tation of a Mary Pickford story whose theme was the contention that money isn't everything.

"I Know Where I'm Going" strives furiously for quaintness and Hebridean color (there are, as a matter of fact, some striking choral work and folk dancing), but it achieves, I fear, only a wearisome Gaelic saccharinity.

THE collection of newsreel shots called "The Roosevelt Story" is wholly unimportant, and although it will probably arouse political discussion, because it is shamelessly partisan, it is not worth it. The shots themselves might be interesting to see again, although they are practically what was shown everywhere soon after President Roosevelt's death, but a singularly dreadful piece of narration has been superimposed. It is supposedly spoken by one of those documentary taxicab drivers who are intended to be so eloquent in the stilted simplicity of their speech but who would shame any taxicab driver of my acquaintance by their essential cheapness and vulgarity. Example 1: When Mr. Roosevelt contracts infantile paralysis, the narrator says, "Roosevelt was dealt the deuce of spades." Example 2: When Hitler is shown coming to power, the narrator says, "The world was his oyster and he was going to squeeze it dry." I've talked too much about this picture already.

—JOHN MCNULTY

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DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*From the program of the Vassar College 1947 Commencement exercises*]

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MASTER OF ARTS
Gwelda Stuart McPhee, A.B., Mount Holyoke College, 1944
Thesis: The influence of certain hormonal factors on the enzyme phosphatase in the rat
MASTER OF SCIENCE
Virginia Lee Fogerson, B.S., Drury College, 1945
Thesis: The histology of the earth worm and the effects of methylcholanthrene upon the normal tissues
Eileen Sinclair Nason, B.Sc., University of New Brunswick, 1946
Thesis: Morphology of hair of eastern North American bats

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. . . the Senate Armed Services Committee also authorized two separate investigations in Europe and the Pacific this summer. Committee Clerk John Adams said the two subcommittees had not yet decided where to go or what phases of military policy to look into.—*The News.*

One thing at a time, eh, men?

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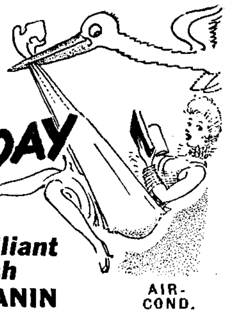

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A SMALL FAMILY OF SEVEN

BETWEEN the Revolution and the Civil War, at least a hundred communistic societies were set up in this country. Most of them were of an energetically unorthodox religious character, and all were humble, agrarian, and generally unpopular. Few of them lasted very long. Of the less than a dozen societies that gathered sufficient momentum to survive both the deaths of their founders and the Civil War, only one is still in existence. That is the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, the members of which are usually called Shakers.

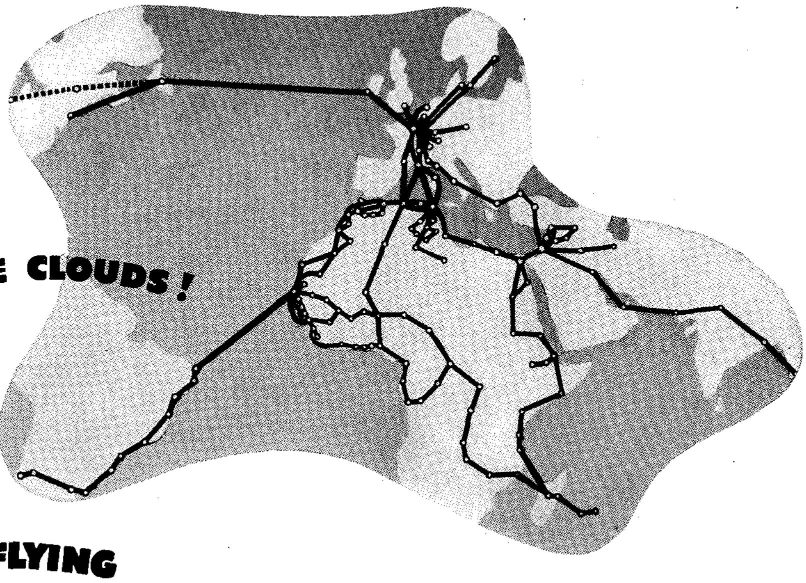
The United Society was the first American communal organization, and it was always the largest, the richest, and the most austere of the lot. It is composed of celibate men and women, who live under the same roof—though carefully segregated—in more or less self-sufficient groups, or "families," several of which, situated within walking distance of a community meetinghouse, traditionally comprise a "village." Its members abjure pork, alcohol, tobacco, doctors, instrumental music, and architectural and sartorial ornamentation. The theology of the order is, perhaps as much as anything, a chilly derivative of Quakerism and seventeenth-century French millennialism. The sect got its start in England in 1747, during the course of a Quaker revival, but it did not acquire much vitality until nearly a quarter of a century later, when one of its members, a thirty-four-year-old Manchester millworker named Ann Lee, underwent a spiritual experience that gave her such a fervent abhorrence of the weaknesses of the flesh that she was chosen to lead the group. Gradually, the doctrine was evolved that Christ was female as well as male and that He had been reincarnated in Mother Ann, as the leader became known to the believers, thus fulfilling the promise of His Second Coming. In 1774, four years after Mother Ann was selected to head the sect, a revelation persuaded her to lead her eight most loyal followers—six men and two women—to America. They landed at New York, where Mother Ann lived for two years in miserable poverty while her disciples spread out over the countryside, asserting her divinity and proclaiming her belief in a communal life and isolation from world distractions. Mother Ann, who, like her followers, had recurrent trouble with puritanical authorities suspicious of the sect's claim to celibacy, subsequently moved to a farm near Watervliet, New York, where she died in 1784, exhausted by evangelism, privation, and frequent jailings. Shortly thereafter, the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing was organized. The first Shaker settlement, which was named Mount Lebanon, was established in 1787 about twenty-five miles southeast of Albany, in Columbia County, by Joseph Meacham, one of Mother Ann's original disciples. The society reached its greatest strength during the eighteen-fifties. At that time, it owned well over a hundred thousand acres of fruitful land, had a membership of some five thousand, and maintained eighteen villages, each of which contained at least two large families, in seven states—New York, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, and Kentucky.

705158
Richter

"*Walter J. Hartley! Well, how do you like that for a coincidence? He was my lawyer, too.*"

Shakerism is moribund now. There have been no converts to it in the past forty years, and since conversion is naturally the sole means of perpetuating a continent order, the membership is rapidly dwindling. Fewer than fifty members are left in the entire society. Only four villages remain—Hancock, in Massachusetts; Canterbury, in New Hampshire; Sabbathday Lake, in Maine; and Mount Lebanon. Mount Lebanon once had eight families, but, like the others, it is now down to one. This, as I found when I drove up there not long ago, consists of six women and one man. The youngest of them is sixty and the oldest is ninety-two. They live together—lonely, retrospective, and gently backslidden—in a house that was built for a family of seventy-five or more.

MOUNT LEBANON, despite the implication of its name, is tucked away in a deep pocket in the Berkshires, near the Massachusetts line. A gravel road, cut into the face of a wooded hill, leads down to it from the Albany-Pittsfield highway, which winds through the uplands. I turned into this road a little after noon on the day of my visit, dropped precipitously for a couple of hundred feet, rounded a sharp bend, and came abruptly upon the settlement. It was a



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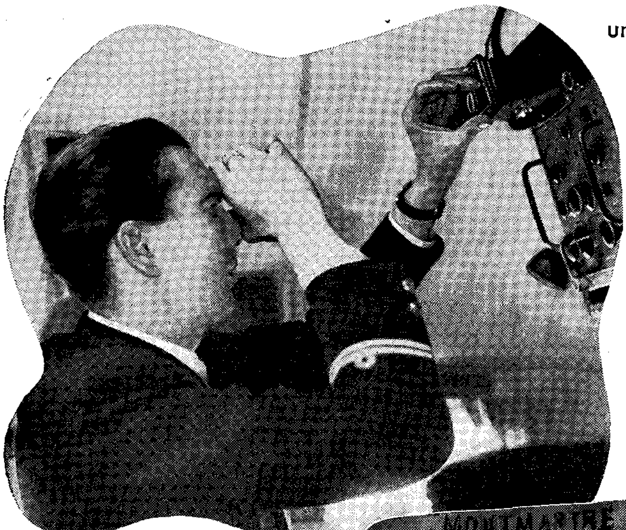

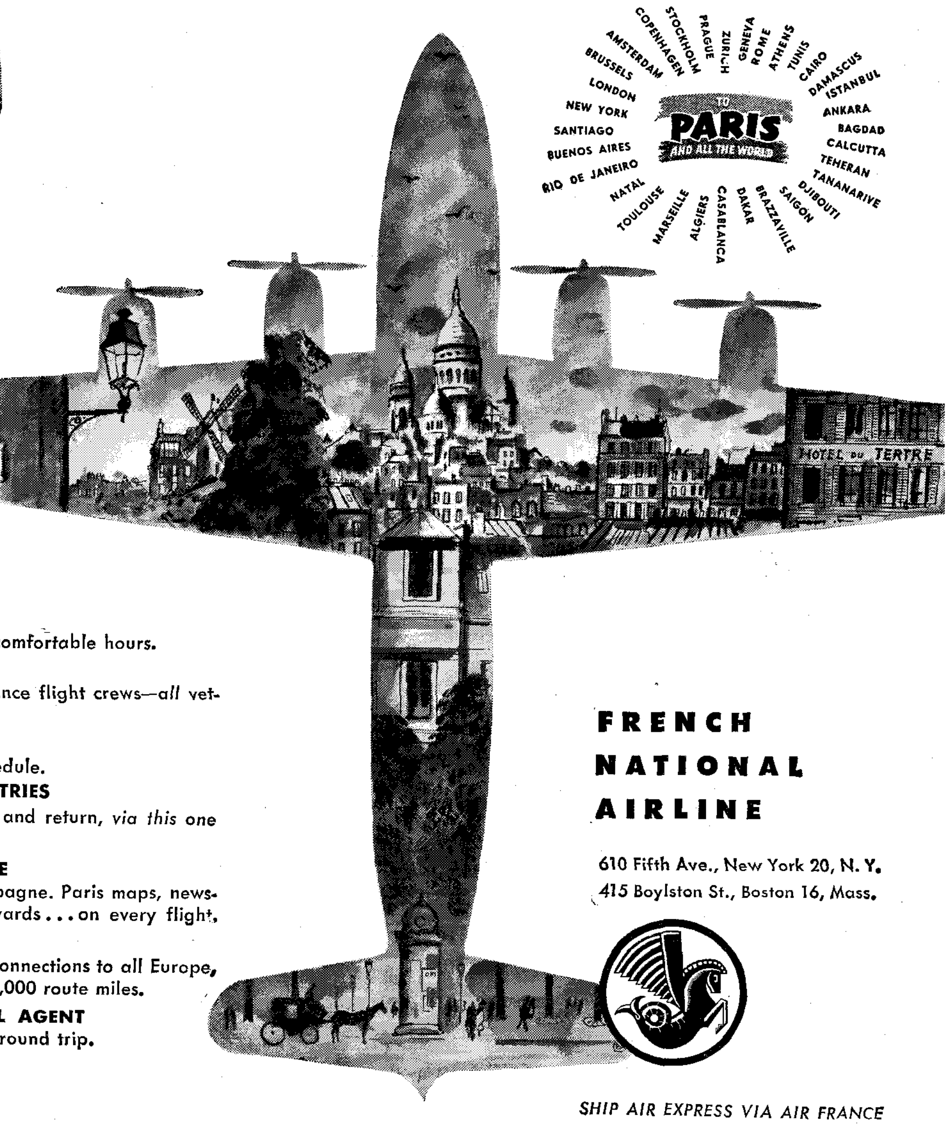
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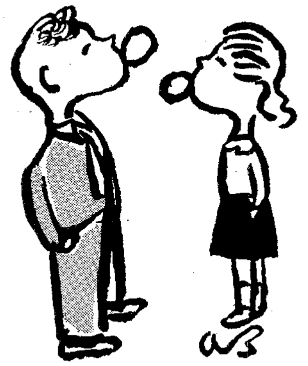
subduing sight—a phalanx of seven big, rawboned, white clapboard buildings of indeterminate purpose, all rearing up among towering elms and maples. The largest, a broad, six-story structure, stood within a few feet of the road. The others, some of three stories and some of four, were ranked behind it at the bottom of a slope, symmetrically arrayed in two parallel rows. To one side and at some distance from the large building, was a mammoth gray stone barn, built on the slope, with an upper entrance on the road and another, at the opposite end, leading into a barnyard far below. There was no sound or sight of life, but the six-story building, unlike the others, looked as if it might be occupied. A strip of weedy lawn in front of it had recently been cut, and its windows, though uncurtained and coldly staring, were immaculate. I pulled up in front of it and got out. The house had two identical front doors, about a hundred feet apart. The day was bright and bland, but both were tightly closed. As I hesitated, wondering which door to approach, the one on my left opened a crack, and a woman of advanced but incalculable age, with a dark, wrinkled face, peered out. "I like to see what's going on," she remarked, apparently addressing me. Before I could reply, a voice behind her called, "Now, Sarah, you know you haven't got your wrap." The old woman gave a shrill, mischievous laugh. "I'm as tough as a pine knot," she cried, and vanished, slamming the door.



Then the other door opened and a somewhat younger woman came out. She was short, plump, and pink-and-white, and she wore a long, plain, full-skirted blue dress. I learned later that Shaker women have always worn dresses of this design, which was current in the eighteenth century, in emulation of Mother Ann, who favored it; the clothes of Shaker men have tended to keep more in step with the times. The woman smiled at me with friendly curiosity. I walked over, introduced myself, and asked if I might look around the place. "You're very welcome here," she said. "I hope you didn't mind Sister Sarah Collins. Poor Sarah is ninety-two, and sometimes she acts a little queer. We're always glad to have good people call on us, and I'd enjoy showing you what there is to see." She closed the door and came out on the lawn. "I suppose you know that the North Family, which is what we're called, is all that's left of Mount Lebanon. Everything else in the village, even our meetinghouse, has been sold, and most of the buildings have been torn down or moved away. But one Shaker family is a lot like another. We believe in uniformity. The rest of the village was on down the road a ways. The reason we're called the North Family is that we're at the north end. Shaker families are named for their location. But I haven't even told you *my* name yet. I'm Sister Jennie—J-e-n-n-i-e—Wells. It isn't J-e-n-n-y, because I'm no mule." She laughed merrily. "Shakers don't approve of mules, you know. We've never had any. We think they're unnatural."

An expression of intense concentration appeared on Sister Jennie's face. "I'm trying to think where to begin," she said. "Most of our visitors these days are antique collectors, and all they're interested in is buying up what little fine old handmade Shaker furniture we have left. Why, those people would grab the chairs right out from under us if we'd let them. Our furniture is very fashionable all of a sudden, you know. I understand it's called modernistic." She gave me an amused glance. "Maybe that proves just how far ahead of the world Shakerism is. We don't make furniture—or anything, for that matter—now, but when we did, we made it exactly like the furniture the first Shakers made. We're always being told how beautiful our things are. I don't say they aren't, but that isn't what they were meant to be. Shakers aren't concerned with anything as frivolous as beauty. All our furniture was ever meant to be was strong, light, plain, and, above all, practical. It is, too, as you'll see when we go inside. But I want you to see the rest of the place first. Then we'll come back here to the dwelling house. That's our name for the house a Shaker family lives in. No matter how large a family got in the old days, and some of them got close to a hundred, it never had more than one dwelling house. When this house was finished, in 1812 or around then, it was four stories, but the family grew so fast that two more had to be added a few years later. Well, that's one problem we don't have to worry about any more. There are only seven of us left in the North Family, and our house has eighty-one rooms."

"How does it happen to have two front doors?" I asked.

"It has two back doors, too," Sister Jennie said. "And also two center halls on every floor. You might say a Shaker dwelling house is really two houses. The men live in the left half and the women in the right. We each have our own parlors, and everything. The only room that we share is the dining room, but we eat at separate tables. Shaker men and women aren't even permitted to shake hands with each other. My stars," she added, smiling reproachfully, "I hope you didn't think that we actually *lived* together!"

I assured her that I hadn't, and we started up the road in the direction of a flagstone path that led down between the dwelling house and the barn to the other buildings. After a moment, she said, "I'm sure there's no need for me to point out our barn. You couldn't very well miss it, could you?" I replied that it was probably the biggest barn I had ever seen. "I'm sure it is," she said, beaming. "I don't want to sound vainglorious, but it's the biggest stone barn in the whole United States. It's fifty feet wide and it's two hundred and ninety-six feet long and, as you can see, it has five floors. That's very unusual. It was built in the eighteen-fifties, and it's as sturdy now as the day it was finished. At that, it's the newest building in the North Family. The others are considerably over a hundred years old. The Shakers always built for permanence. We say that Shakerism can't be told; it must be lived. Still, you can learn a lot about it just from that barn.

"We're a very practical people," she went on. "There's no foolishness about anything we do. Our barn was made the length it is for good reason. The men wanted to have room enough for a dozen or more loaded wagons on the floor at the road level, in case a sudden storm came up during haying. That doesn't mean much now, of course. We don't raise much hay. Our stock is down to ten milch cows and four horses, which is just a fraction of what we used to have. We've sold or rented out most of our land, too. The North Family farm was good-sized once—nearly a thousand acres—but now it's not much more than two hundred, including pasture and wood lots, and we have to hire two men to do the work. About all we're able to do ourselves is housework. But no matter. Another thing about the barn is that

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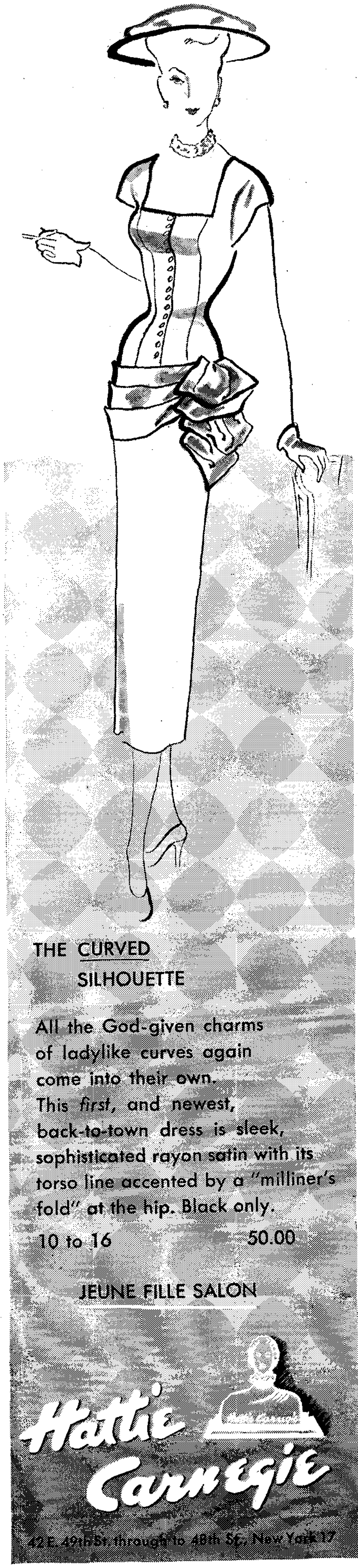

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it's wide enough for a big team and wagon to turn around in. The reason it's built on a slope is so hay can be hauled in at the top floor and pitched *down* to the mows. Then it's pitched *down* from there to the stock stalls below. In most barns, you know, hay has to be pitched *up*. A good many Shaker barns are built like ours. Shakers have never seen any sense in fighting against gravity." Sister Jennie looked at me earnestly. "Not that we mind working hard," she assured me. "We believe in it. Even our elders and eldresses are expected to do their share of manual work. They're our leaders, you know. Every family is supposed to have two elders and two eldresses. We have only one eldress now, and we haven't had an elder in years. Anyway, as I was saying, there aren't any loafers in a Shaker family. *Loafing and communism* just don't go together. Mother Ann said, 'Hands to work and hearts to God,' and that's our guiding rule. I wish you could have come to see us forty or fifty years ago. A Shaker farm was a busy place in those days."

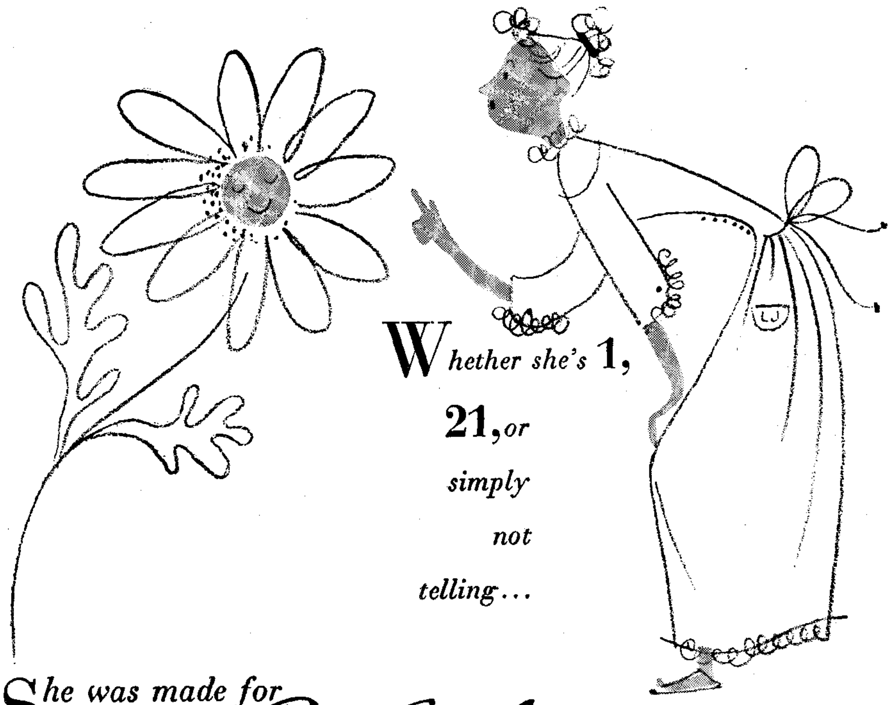
As we walked down the path, I asked Sister Jennie how long she had been a Shaker. "Practically all my life," she said, with satisfaction. "I'm seventy years old, although I may not look it and I certainly don't feel it, and the Groveland Shakers, up near Rochester, took me in when I was just four. I was a half orphan, with a cruel stepfather, and my mother thought I'd be better off with the Shakers. Back in those days, you know, there weren't many good orphan asylums. The Shakers occasionally adopted poorly situated children or children who had no parents, and educated and looked after them until they became of age. Every Shaker family had its own school, and they were very good. They had to be. We don't admire ignorance. When a Shaker child was twenty-one, he was free either to go out into the world or stay and be gathered into the Church as a convert. Four of us here at Mount Lebanon came to Shakerism as children. That's merely a coincidence, though. Most Shakers have been converted from the world. We've converted Jews, atheists, and all kinds of Protestants—everything but Catholics. There were still a few converts coming in when I was a girl, before the world got too strong for us. I must say I never dreamed that Shakerism would turn out the way it has. We've been victims of circumstance, I suppose. But we don't need to go into all that."

Sister Jennie shrugged and went briskly on to say that Groveland was abandoned in 1892, when she was fifteen. Most of its members had become too feeble to work. Groveland was the third of the society's communities to go under, and five others soon followed it.

As was customary, the Groveland people moved to the nearest surviving Shaker village, which was one that had been established at Watervliet after Mother Ann's death there. It was at Watervliet that Sister Jennie reached twenty-one and elected to enter the order. She moved to Mount Lebanon in 1930, eight years before the Watervliet village was given up. "The North Family here needed somebody young and active," she told me, with a faintly challenging look. "I might as well admit that I do most of the work here—the marketing, the meal planning, the cooking, and in the winter I even tend the furnace. The truth is, I'm about the only one who can. That's in addition, of course, to making all my own clothing. Most of the others buy their clothes, which is contrary to custom, but they are no longer able to make their own, so it can't be helped. Also, I keep an eye on things in general, except for finances. What little money we've accumulated over the years, mostly from the sale of property but partly from selling the things we've made, is handled by a more business-minded member, over at Hancock. I think most of it's invested—in A.T.&T. and R.C.A. and stocks like that. If you're wondering how we got our land in the first place, it came from converts. In the early days, a good many of the converts were farmers. They gave us whatever land they owned, and if it wasn't conveniently near one of our villages, we sold it and bought some that was. That's how Mount Lebanon got started, from a gift. Our rule is—or perhaps I'd better say was—that a convert must pay all of his worldly debts and settle any other obligations he may have outside and then make over to the community he chooses to join whatever money and property he has left. The agreement—or Covenant, as we call it—that a convert must sign before he is gathered in is very legal. Signing the Covenant is the final step in becoming a Shaker. An applicant must spend six months with us as a novice first. Nobody has ever been forced to become a Shaker or to remain one. Any one of us is free to return to the world at any time. The only thing is that if you leave after signing the Covenant, you're not allowed to return. And, of course, you can't reclaim your gifts."

THE path had brought us down to a broad walk that ran between the dwelling house and the first of the two rows of buildings, and there was another walk between the rows themselves. Just beyond the second row was a meadow in which several cows were grazing. Knee-high grass bordered the walks. The six buildings were at least thirty or forty feet apart, and they all looked even bigger, gaunter, and emptier than they had from the top of the slope. They made me feel uncomfortable. In spite of their size, or perhaps because of it, since it gave them a curiously urban look, they didn't seem quite real in this setting.

Sister Jennie gazed up at the buildings admiringly and sighed. As we strolled along the walk in the direction of the barn, she said, "If this were the old days, we wouldn't even be able to hear ourselves think. These buildings were about the busiest workshops you ever saw then. They were all workshops except that one over there. It used to be the novices' dwelling house and the infirmary. That's where Sister Sarah and Sister Sadie—Sadie Maynard, that is, who is getting a little queer, too—would be living now if we weren't so reduced in our circumstances. Sister Sarah used to be very good at making tape chair seats. Sister Sadie made bonnets. I couldn't begin to tell you how many different trades were carried on in these shops. The North Family did weaving, dyeing, tailoring, hatmaking, shoemaking, broommaking, soapmaking, blacksmithing, metalwork, carpentry, woodworking, seed drying, and goodness knows what else. Practically every family did a lot of different things. And, of course, all the families did a good deal more than just take care of their own needs. The different families in a village used to make things for each other. They all made things to sell to the world, too. We had to carry on some trade with the outside, because we couldn't very well raise everything we needed. We didn't like to do it, though, and we never tried to make more than a fair profit. The North Family's specialties—most of the families had at least one—were brooms and packaged seeds. I'll tell you something that you probably



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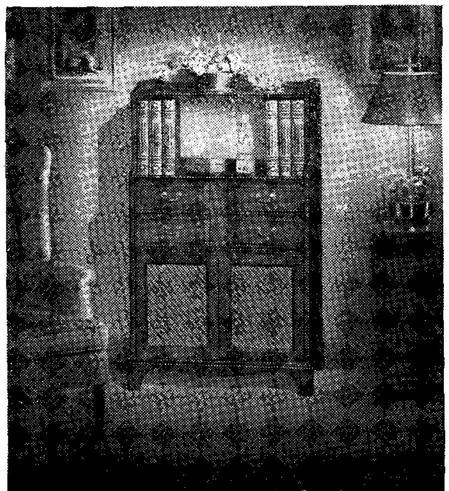

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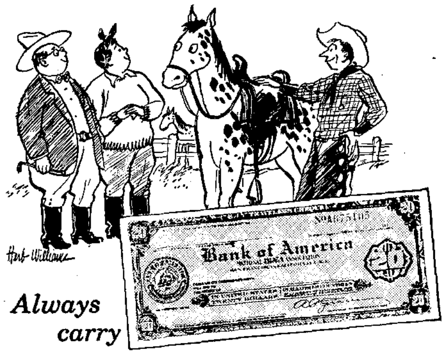

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don't know. The Shakers here at Mount Lebanon were the first people in the United States to sell seeds in little packages—you know, the kind you can buy for a dime now in any grocery or hardware store. I mean vegetable seeds, of course. You may have noticed that there aren't any flowers around here. Shakers have never wasted time on useless things like flowers."

We had reached a gate that opened on the barnyard. At Sister Jennie's suggestion, we turned back toward the dwelling house. "I haven't lived seventy years without learning my own strength," she said cheerfully. As we were passing one of the former shops, a man in overalls suddenly came around the corner of it. He was squat, stoop-shouldered, big-eared, and white-haired, and he was carrying a pail of chicken feed. When he saw us, he stopped, looking startled and uneasy, as if he were not accustomed to encountering strangers. Sister Jennie greeted him with kindly warmth. "This is Brother Curtis White," she said to me. "He keeps me supplied with stovewood, and he's wonderful with chickens. Brother Curtis is sixty years old, and he's the youngest member of the family." Then she told Brother Curtis that I was interested in Shakerism. He cleared his throat. "Place was alive forty years ago," he said glumly. "You liked to work here then. I came here as an orphan when I was eleven. Started out sickly, but work made me well. Used to be I'd milk twenty cows and cut a cord of wood every day. I'd cut a cord in three hours—times I've done it in two. Been cutting wood over forty years and I've lost only two toes. Wasn't my fault neither time. Both times, my axe had been ground by somebody else." He nodded to Sister Jennie and then to me. "Ground wrong," he added, and walked away.

Sister Jennie and I continued on to the rear of the dwelling house. A fat, slate-colored cat was sitting on the doorstep of the entrance to the women's side, watching us expectantly. Sister Jennie chuckled. "Old Moses is too polite to scratch or whine when he wants in," she said, opening the door. "He just waits." The cat ducked spryly between my ankles and through the doorway. We followed him into a dim, musty passage, full of sharp turns and lined with closed doors. "We're all very fond of Moses," Sister Jennie said. "He came to us twelve years ago, and we converted him. Shakers aren't supposed to have pets, but cats have always been allowed, because they're useful. They fight mice. Old Moses is going on twenty now. Shakers live forever, even Shaker cats. I suppose you've heard about the longevity of Shakers?" I confessed that I hadn't. "Well, it's a fact," she said. "You almost never hear of a Shaker dying until he's very, very old. We're almost never sick, either. Elder Frederick W. Evans, of this village, who was one of our greatest intellectuals—why, he even corresponded for a while with Tolstoy about coöperative farming and spiritual matters—used to say that no Shaker had any business being sick until he was past sixty. I agree with him. When you lead a pure, disciplined, non-competitive life, like ours, you just don't have the worries and anxieties that cause illness." She smiled, and added, "People didn't start calling us Shakers because we were all sick and trembly."

"How did the name originate?" I asked.

"Oh, the world's people made it up back in Mother Ann's time, to ridicule the way we worship," she said mildly, halting with her hand on the knob of one of the closed doors and turning to me. "I guess I might as well tell you that our meetings aren't like ordinary church services. They're mostly singing and marching. If you ever saw a Shaker meetinghouse, you'd probably say it looked like a ballroom or a gymnasium. We never had pews or anything like that—just benches around the wall. At the start of our services, there would always be a very short sermon by one of the elders. Then he would call out, 'Go forth and march!,' and the real meeting would begin. Six or eight good singers would form a group in the middle of the room and start a hymn. The rest of us would parade around them, marching two or three abreast. We had to march in step and we had to beat time with our hands in a certain way. Some of the marches were slow, but most of them were fast and lively. We really had to step. We'd keep going for an hour or more, and the faster we marched, the harder we'd be wrestling against the powers of evil. Sometimes, our struggles made us twist and turn. Well, that's what our enemies called shaking. At first, they called us Shaking Quakers, and then just plain Shakers. I don't know how we started using the name ourselves. It wasn't anything to be ashamed of, so I guess we just got into the habit. Besides, Shakerism is a whole lot more than a name." Sister Jennie opened the door abruptly. "We had our last meeting here in Mount Lebanon in 1933, just before we sold the meetinghouse," she said. "We're all too old now to march anyway."

WE entered a broad, bare, white-walled foyer, with a steep staircase leading from it to the second floor. Through an open doorway, I caught a glimpse of what was apparently the women's parlor—a large, cheerless room crowded haphazardly with ladder-back chairs. The foyer was furnished only with a long refectory table, above which hung several lurid water-color views of Venice and Naples, and a rigid but graceful wooden settee, on which three elderly women were sitting, looking like chaperons at a prom. They smiled at us with a kind of sedate excitement. One of them was Sarah Collins. Sister Jennie introduced me to her and to her companions—Eldress Rosetta Stephens and Sister Grace Dahm. Eldress Rosetta, who wore a sombre gray Shaker gown, is a tiny, sweet-faced woman of eighty-six. Sister Grace is in her middle seventies, small and round, with short, curly white hair. She was wearing a giddy green-and-lavender house dress. They all had risen upon being introduced, and Sister Sarah, whose dress, though of Shaker cut, was a rich crimson and made of a material that resembled velvet, greeted me with a jovial wink.

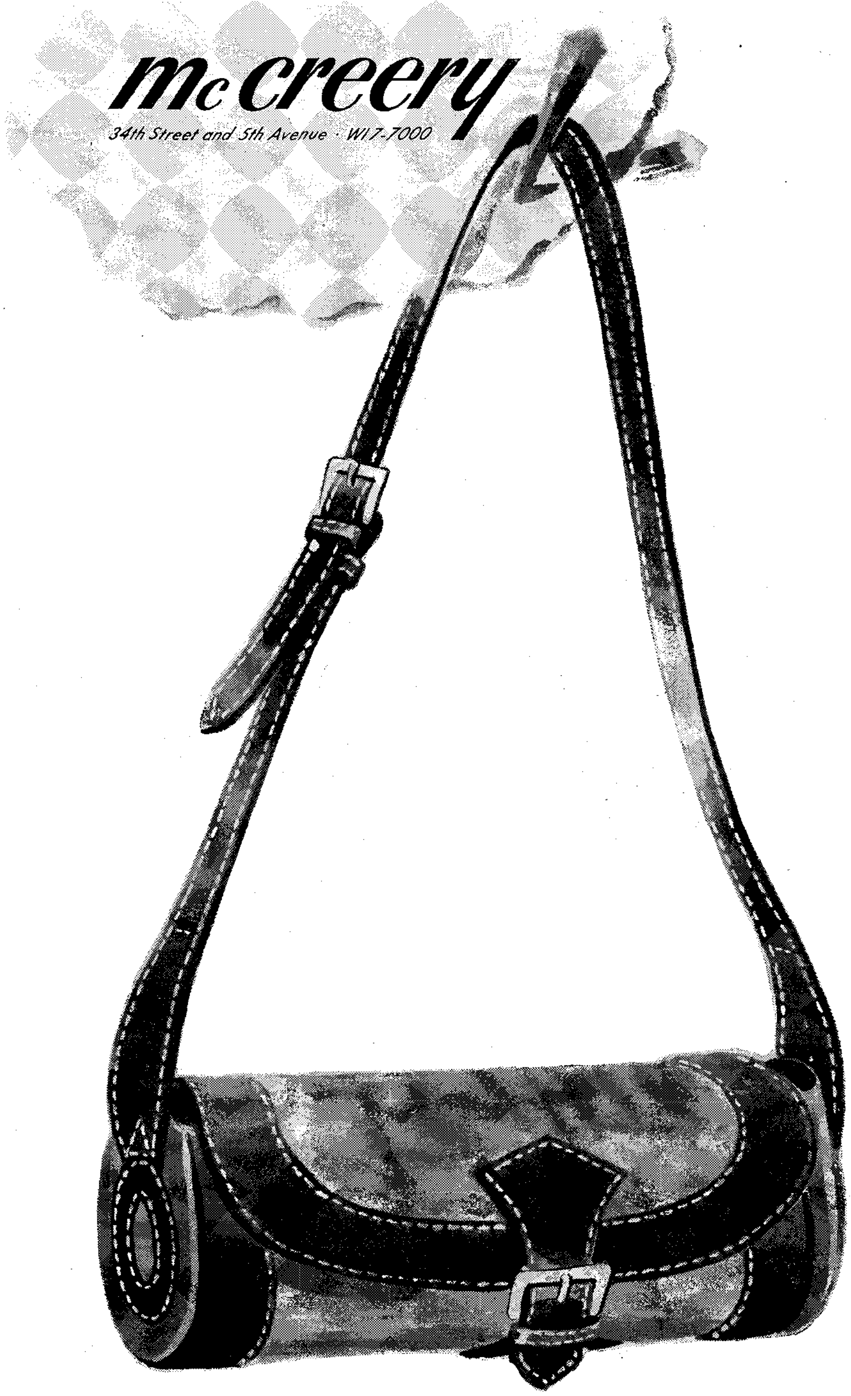
"I like a new face," she said.

"We've been watching you through the window," Sister Grace said. "We saw you talking to Brother Curtis, and everything."

"Dear Brother Curtis," Eldress Rosetta said. "He never seems to be doing anything, but he's a great help to us. I remember him when he was a little boy. I'm one of the ancients of this city, you know."

"Eldress Rosetta is English," Sister Jennie told me. "She was born in England."

Eldress Rosetta confirmed this modestly. "America is a noble country," she said, "but I grew up in London. My father kept an Aerated Bread shop on the Waterloo Road. Elder Frederick Evans brought me to Mount Lebanon when I was eleven. We met in England, where he was doing missionary work. My father had great respect for the Shakers, and my mother had died, so he let me come with Elder Frederick. We crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the Great Eastern in 1872. That was the ship they laid the Atlantic cable with, you know. It was a most magnificent ship. Europe had been combed for costly engravings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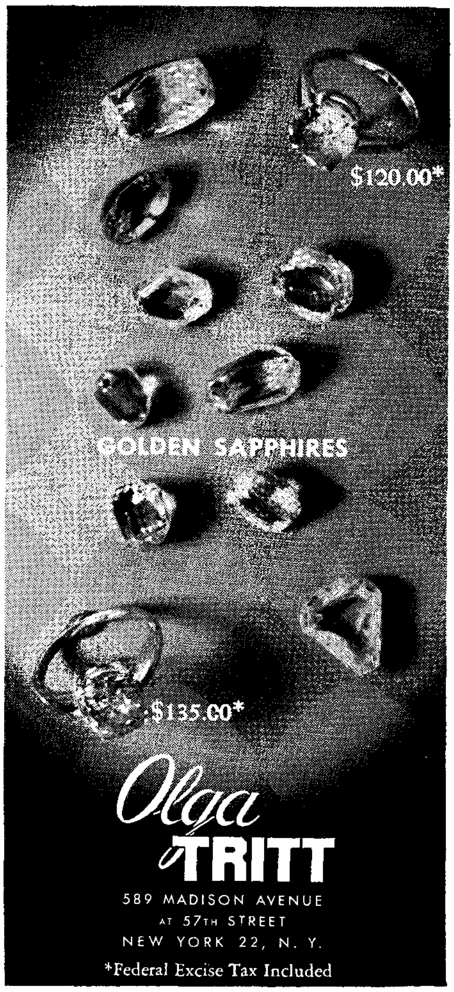

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to decorate it with. It was so grand that none of us children on board were allowed to go about unattended. They were afraid we might damage something, you see. I remember everything about the Great Eastern so vividly, more vividly than things that happened only a few years ago. Isn't that strange?"

"Well, I remember Groveland almost better than I do Watervliet," Sister Jennie replied.

"Watervliet was where I lived before I came here," Sister Grace said. "I remember it very well. It was nice there, and we had good friends in Albany."

Sister Sarah grinned at me. "I do like a new face," she said.

"We all do," Sister Jennie said gently.

There was a prolonged introspective silence, and then Sister Jennie said that perhaps we had better continue our inspection of the house. "It's almost time for me to start getting supper ready," she explained. "We eat at five-thirty."

We excused ourselves and started for the stairs. "I think I'll just go along with you," Sister Grace said. She got up and joined us, and the two others settled contentedly back on the settee. As we passed the refectory table, I glanced at the water colors above it. "Please don't look at those things," Sister Jennie said. "We're getting more and more lax here, I'm sorry to say. Just because someone gave those pictures to us, we had to put them up. Pictures were never permitted in the old days. Mother Ann always believed that they were distracting, and she knew that they are terrible dust catchers. That's the reason we don't have carpets, either. Tidiness is one of our principal rules. Mother Ann said, 'Clean your room well, for good spirits will not live where there is dirt. There is no dirt in Heaven.' And, look, here's another of our rules." We had reached the stairs, and she placed her right foot on the bottom step. "This is the way we must go upstairs," she said, glancing sharply at Sister Grace. "Some of us are getting out of the habit now, but the rule is always the right foot first. That's for discipline and uniformity. We are also supposed to put our right stocking and shoe on first."

There was no furniture at all in the second-floor hall. Sister Jennie opened a door at one end of it. "Well, this is my room," she said. "We each have a room to ourself now, but the rule used to be two to a room, sometimes three. First of all, I want you to notice that transom." The transom, which was open, was a wooden panel fixed on a vertical center pivot. "Most of our rooms have them," she said. "They're much more sensible than ordinary transoms, of course, because they create a real draft. They're something special with Mount Lebanon." Sister Grace and I followed Sister Jennie inside. It was a corner room, over twenty feet long and at least fifteen feet wide, with white plaster walls and two large windows, but it was so full of furniture that it looked small, cramped, and dark. In it were a narrow, cotlike bed; a big, square table with drawers; a built-in cabinet with drawers, which covered most of one wall and rose nearly to the ceiling; a three-step ladder stool; a chest of drawers; a sewing table; a small, octagonal table; a Morris chair; a ladder-back rocking chair; and three ladder-back straight chairs. Two of the straight chairs were hanging side by side against one wall, suspended from pegs by the upper slats in their backs. "That's the way Shakers keep chairs out of the way when they're not in use," Sister Jennie said. There were no pictures on the walls, but there were two unframed cards with maxims printed on them. One read:

A man of kindness to his beast is kind.
Brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember: He who made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute;
He can't complain, but GOD'S omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty. He hears his cry.
He was destined thy servant and thy drudge,
But know this: his creator is thy judge.

The other read, "Shun idleness. It is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals—VOLTAIRE." "Sister Catherine Allen of Mount Lebanon wrote that poem," Sister Jennie said, ignoring Voltaire. "There used to be a copy of it posted in every Shaker barn."

I picked my way around the room, with Sister Jennie sidling along informatively at my elbow and Sister Grace watching us from just inside the door. Except for the Morris chair and the octagonal table, Sister Jennie assured me, all the furnishings were of classic Shaker manufacture. They were made of dark-stained wood and they were as ruthlessly severe and functional as a folding chair, though considerably more handsome. "There isn't a thing in this room that I'd let one of those greedy antique collectors lay a finger on, except over my dead body," Sister Jennie said happily. "Especially that rocker.

The Shakers invented the rocking chair, you know, and mine—or, I should say, that one—is probably the oldest in this family. The less said about the Morris chair, the better. I won't deny, though, that it's very comfortable. The octagonal table was made by a neighborhood carpenter and given to us as a gift. We took it in the spirit in which it was given, but it's all wrong. In the first place, it's doodaddy, and in the second place, if you notice, it's made of curly maple. Curly maple is the only wood that the old Shakers never used. They thought it was too ornate."

Sister Grace moved a step or two into the room and gave a timid cough. Sister Jennie looked at her inquiringly. "Would it be all right if I showed him *my* room?" Sister Grace asked eagerly. "I'd like for him to see it, if it's all right." "Why—" Sister Jennie began, but Sister Grace, cutting her short, turned to me and went on in a rush, "There's some very nice furniture in my room, too—and besides I've got a parrot named LeRoy that's over sixty years old and can talk, and a music box that one of the world's people gave me that plays 'A Bicycle Built for Two.' If you could come in for just a minute, I'd give you one of LeRoy's pretty feathers, and you could wear it in your hat."

I glanced at Sister Jennie. Her expression had become a trifle fixed. Then she smiled. "Well, I guess we've seen everything there is to see in here," she said, "so I don't see why not."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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Of *a green thought in a green shade*,
A life of sloth, and fronds of palm,
Of estimating the world with calm,
Any lyric, and any psalm.

Or think of hoarfrost, rime, dark, blight,
Of the eighteenth-century Mr. White
Of Selborne, brooding one summer's night,
Nipped to the bone; of his small, chill note.
"One little starveling wasp," he wrote.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

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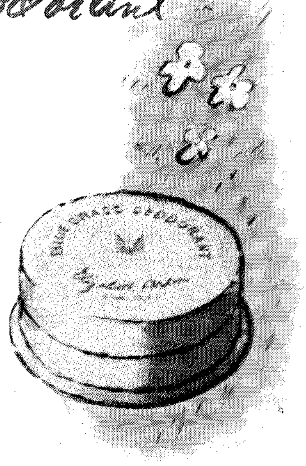

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A BIG CATCH

ONE day during the summer vacation after I had completed the seventh grade at Broad Street Grammar School, in Providence, my friend Ernest Greer asked me if I wanted to go fishing the next morning. I told him I certainly did. "I'm going to ask Homer Lockman, too," said Ernest. "Be at my house at nine o'clock. Bring some worms and some lunch."

Next morning, Ernest, Homer, and I walked to Randall's Pond, where Ernest's father kept a rowboat tied to the jetty that stuck out from the icehouse. The icehouse presented a busy scene. One ice wagon was being loaded and two others were waiting their turns. The big door of the icehouse was open, and the steam rising from the ice in the dark interior rolled out into the sunshine and gave the impression that the place was on fire. Icehouses frequently did catch fire, and good fires they invariably made—a phenomenon that seemed something of a paradox to me in the early nineteen-hundreds, and still does.

We went to a little office in the big, unpainted building, and Ernest got the oars and oarlocks from his father's friend Mr. Kingsley, who owned the icehouse and also rented rowboats. We went out on the rickety jetty, and Ernest unchained his father's boat and we got in. Homer sat in the stern, I sat in the bow, and Ernest rowed. In the middle of the pond, he shipped the oars and I carefully let down the hitch-weight anchor. It was a warm, windless morning. A milky haze tempered the glare of the sun, and the water was smooth as a mirror.

Most of the population of Randall's Pond were yellow perch, and once in a while a pickerel had been known to grab a hook. During the next couple of hours, Homer caught three perch and Ernest and I two apiece. Then Ernest looked at his Ingersoll and said it was half past twelve. I hauled up the anchor, and Ernest ran out the oars and rowed us over to the woods on the south side of the pond, which had the sun behind them and looked dark and cool. We tied the boat to a tree and went ashore to eat, thereby proving that we were not the world's most enthusiastic fishermen, for true devotees would have eaten their lunches in the boat and kept right on fishing. Each of us sat with his back to a tree while he ate. Afterward, on top of the sandwiches and cake and bananas and all, Homer, who was always generous, gave each of us a penny chocolate bar, and then we all three stretched out on the grass under the trees and let our lunches digest.

Pretty soon, we got back into the boat, and Ernest rowed us to the middle of the pond, where we anchored again. A breeze had whisked away the haze and was ruffling the water, so when we began to fish, our floats bobbed up and down as if they were signalling constant nibbles, but we didn't get a bite. The sun was hot. Dragonflies swooped around, and though we didn't really believe they sewed up people's ears, we were careful to shoo them away just the same.

GRADUALLY, the expedition lost its edge. We looked around the shores of the pond to see what might be going on. It would have been a perfect moment for the icehouse to catch fire, but nothing happened. Mr. Kingsley's men weren't even loading ice any more. We knew they were in town and that with wads of burlap on their shoulders and tongs in their hands they were stooping and backing to put big, cold lumps of ice into wooden iceboxes with drip pans underneath.

Finally, a white rowboat with a man and a woman in it moved out from the icehouse jetty. The woman sat in the stern, and the man was rowing; he rowed very badly and was making an awful lot of work of it. About a hundred feet from us, he stopped. He dropped a paving-block anchor over the bow and it broke the water with a splash that made the boat wobble violently and must have frightened off every fish within a quarter-mile radius. The man had a round-bottomed boat, which was a trickier craft than our flat-bottomed one. A round-bottomed boat was safe enough, actually, but you had to know how to handle it.

"He's got a nerve," said Ernest. "Pond's a mile long and he has to go and plump down right there."

"Any luck?" called the man. He had on a hard straw hat with a black cord hanging from it, so that the hat couldn't blow away. The other end of the cord was hooked to a button of his white shirt, underneath a flaring yellow tie. He wore white flannel trousers—the kind contemptuously referred to, by those who couldn't afford them, as ice-cream pants.

"Luck?" said Ernest. He looked at the seven thin, flat perch in the bottom of our boat and appeared to count them, not just once but two or three times. "You bet. Fifteen perch, three pickerel."

"Good for you!" the man said. "You youngsters always know the best places."

He joined the sections of a rod together, baited the hook, and handed the rod to the woman. She wore a floppy straw hat, which shaded her face, but I could see that she had very light hair and that there was a lot of red on her cheeks. She had on a lacy, frilly shirtwaist full of openwork. I thought what bad stuff that would be for a fishhook to get caught in, and I hadn't any more than thought it when it happened: just as she was about to cast out her line, the hook caught in her shirtwaist.

The woman cheeped like a startled sparrow, and the man leaned over to help her. Then he squatted down, and I suppose this cramped his legs, because after a few seconds he stood up and bent over her. He finally worked the hook loose, and as he backed away, he stumbled on the bait can or something and came down on the center seat with a thump, and his straw hat jounced over his nose. The boat lurched sharply, and an oar slid over the side. He hadn't shipped the oars properly—just pulled them back in the locks a little way and left the blades sticking outboard. By this time, he was red in the face and pretty mad.

"Hey, you kids!" he yelled. "Get that oar!" The oar was bobbing in our direction, about halfway between the two boats.

"Who was you givin' orders to this time last year?" asked Ernest.

"All right, all right," said the man. "Would you please get that oar?"

"Sure I'll get it," said Ernest, "for fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" cried the woman. "Why, Harry, that's ridiculous! Don't you even *think* of paying him."

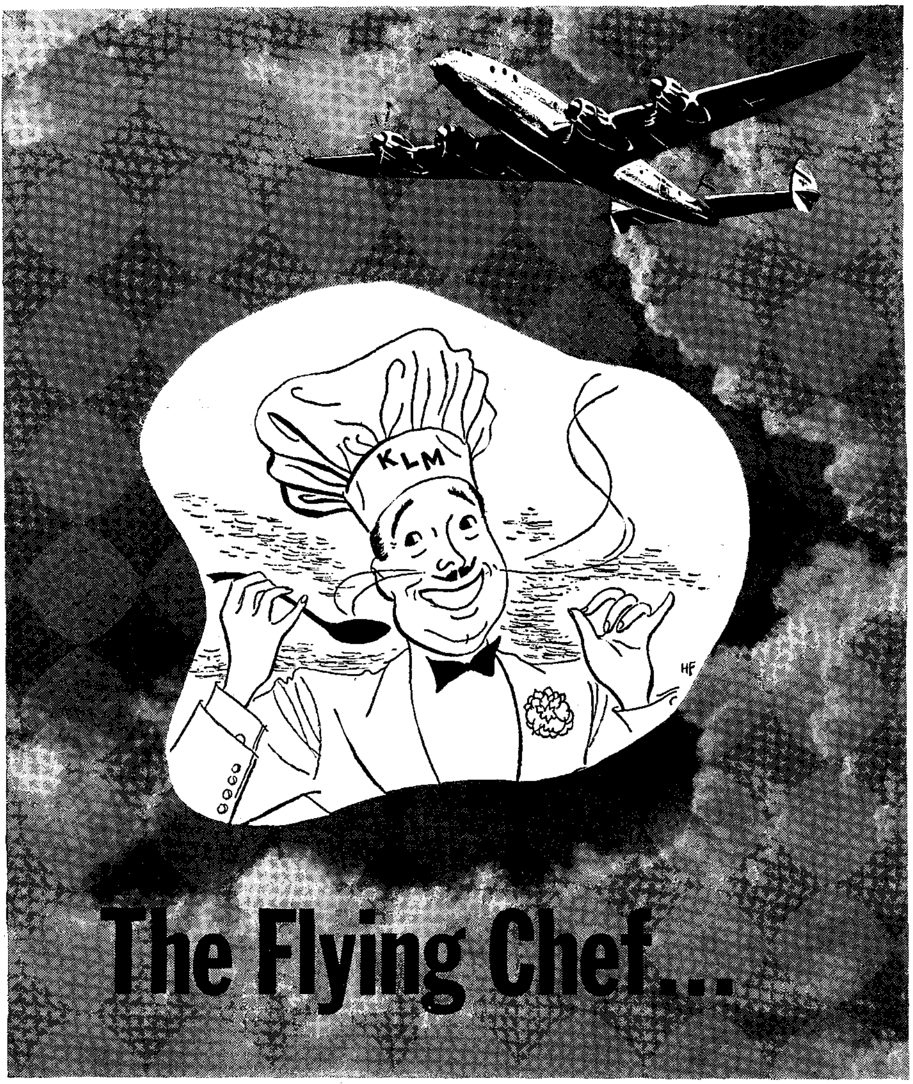
"Why, you little whippersnapper!" Harry roared. "If I had you on land—"

He didn't finish, because, after all, he wasn't on land. He picked up his other oar, paddled close to the floating one, and started poking at it, but he only pushed it farther away. He got madder and madder, and reached out farther and farther. He lost his balance, the boat just missed capsizing, and, as Harry grabbed for the gunwales, the second oar went over the side.

"All right," he said, straightening up. "I'll give you fifty cents."

"It's a dollar now," said Ernest. "Fifty cents for each oar."

Harry seemed to kind of hop up and down where he was sitting, and he banged his fists on his knees. "You God-



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damn young kidnapper!" he shouted.

Now, this was a day in which profanity was confined largely to the lower classes. But even in the lower strata of the lower classes the name of the Deity was rarely employed as an intensive in the presence of a woman. Ernest and Homer and I, although we were familiar with all the swear words going, were deeply shocked by this outburst. It didn't faze Harry's companion a bit, however.

"That's just what you are, young man," she said. "You're a kidnapper."

"I am not a kidnapper," said Ernest indignantly. "Sticks and stones will break my bones but names can never hurt me."

"Kidnapping is people," Homer added.

"All right, all right," said Harry. "Hand over them oars and I'll give you a dollar."

I HAULED up our anchor, Ernest pulled ahead a few yards, and Homer and I each rescued an oar.

"You pay the dollar first," Ernest said. "I'll swing my line over to you and you put the dollar on the hook. Soon's I get the dollar, you get the oars."

Harry started to splutter about this, then thought better of it and took a leather wallet out of his hip pocket and pulled out a dollar. Ernest swung his line over, gently and carefully. The woman shrank back with a squeak, but she didn't have anything to worry about, because the hook came to a stop right over the dollar. Harry hooked the dollar on. Ernest swung the line back and took the dollar, and I thought what a catch *that* was.

There remained the ticklish business of restoring the salvaged oars. It was ticklish on two counts. First, Harry was pretty mad and he might try to upset us or take a swipe at us with an oar. Then, again, without meaning to do anything rash, he might just get excited and stand up, and maybe upset the boat or lose an oar again, and I was wondering how much Ernest would charge him for picking up that one. But Ernest managed things very well. He got our boat up to within five feet or so of the other and held it there while Homer and I passed the oars across to Harry one at a time, blades first. Harry got a little water on his white pants, but after all he'd been through he probably didn't even notice it. He didn't say thank you.

Ernest rowed away quickly, on the chance that Harry might chase us, but that didn't seem likely. Harry couldn't row well enough, and his anchor was

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still down. All we had to worry about, as Harry himself had suggested, was what he might do to us if he caught us on land. The thing for us to do was to stay on water until he was ashore and safely away.

Harry seemed to have had enough boating and fishing for that day. He pulled up his anchor and headed for the icehouse, and although he went about three times as far as was necessary to get there, he finally made it. We started fishing again, more to kill time than anything else. None of us caught anything, and after about an hour we quit and Ernest rowed toward the icehouse. He said that on the way home he would get the dollar changed and give Homer and me thirty cents apiece, which would leave forty cents for him. He said he figured that was fair, because, after all, it was his father's boat. Homer and I said we thought this was a splendid arrangement.

When we were about thirty feet offshore, Ernest called, "Oh, Mr. Kingsley!," and pretty soon Mr. Kingsley came around the end of the icehouse.

"Fellow in the white pants with the woman—he gone?" Ernest asked.

"Yep. Long time ago. Drove off in a horse and buggy."

Ernest rowed to the slip and tied up. Homer and I each picked up an oar and we stored them away again in Mr. Kingsley's office. Then the three of us set out for home.

"We better keep our eyes open for a horse and buggy," said Homer.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH

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L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN TELEGRAPH EDITOR

[*Dispatches received in the Portland Oregonian office all on a summer's day*]

BULLETIN

WASHINGTON, JULY 12—(AP)—REP. JOSEPH JEFFERSON MANSFIELD, TEXAS DEMOCRAT AND OLDEST MEMBER OF CONGRESS, DIED TODAY. HE WAS 86 YEARS OLD. (RELEASE SKETCH NO. 1900).

CMN 154 BUN

WASHINGTON, JULY 12—(INS)—REP. JOHN J. MANSFIELD (D) TEX., DIED AT 1:30 A.M., EDT, TODAY AT THE BETHESDA, MD., NAVAL HOSPITAL AFTER AN ILLNESS OF THREE MONTHS. HE WAS 16 YEARS OLD.

119AWK

SX78W

BULLETIN

WASHINGTON JULY 12—(UP)—REP. JOSEPH JEFFERSON MANSFIELD OF TEXAS, THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE 80TH CONGRESS AND A POWER IN THE HOUSE FOR THE LAST 30 YEARS, DIED . . . AT 1:30 A. M. TODAY IN BETHESDA, MD., NAVAL HOSPITAL. HE WAS 6.

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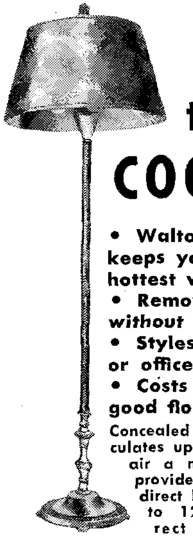

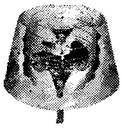

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LETTER FROM LONDON

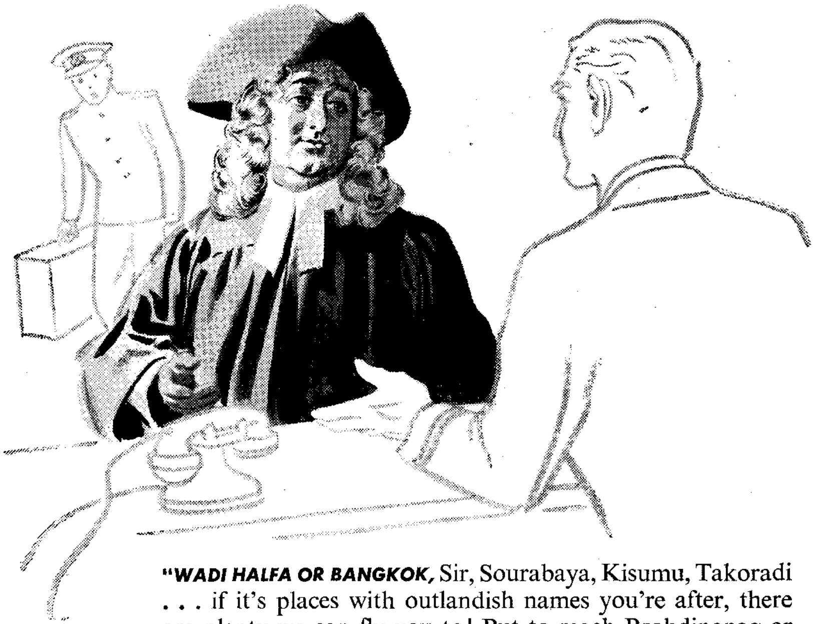
AUGUST 12

THE crisis hit England squarely last week, but, it is generally agreed, with the effect merely of a jarring bump rather than of the really earth-shaking crash that had been expected. The public had been steeled to hear Mr. Attlee tell them that their immediate future was going to be at once much worse and much better, since a stiff new schedule of sacrifices would at least mean that the country was turned in the right direction. On Thursday, the morning after the Prime Minister's speech on England's financial plight, people were plainly still uncertain about everything except that food, petrol, and films were going to be scarcer, that it would be more difficult to travel abroad, and that the housing program was to be cut to a minimum. The sting had already been somewhat drawn from all this by the newspapers, which for days had been making their own, far more drastic forecasts of things to come. The English were gloomily prepared to be told that their modest basic petrol ration was to be taken from them altogether (it was actually cut by a third) and that meat and, worst of all, the precious weekly two ounces of butter were to be cut (staple rations, Attlee said, were safe for the time being). There had also been talk of a compulsory-savings scheme for everybody—the money to be refunded, one sardonic citizen suggested, "at the end of the peace." Nothing official came of this, however. The unpalatable facts that Attlee did deliver were so wrapped up in provisos and figures quite mystifying to the average individual, who does not think in terms of millions sterling, that most people could not be sure whether they were relieved or disappointed—or merely suspicious that the Government was still holding back the worst.

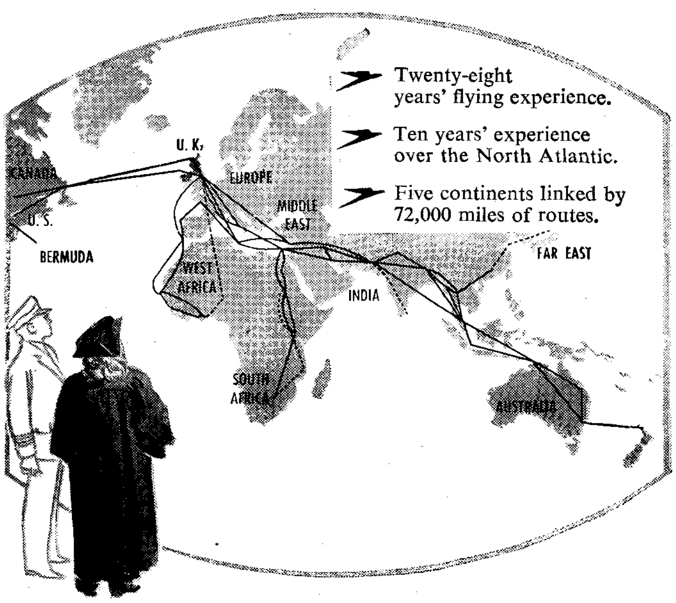
On Wednesday, the day the Prime Minister was to speak, the pavements on either side of the street near the Houses of Parliament were thronged with people who stared expectantly at the Members' cars in the courtyard and at the great Victorian Gothic buildings, as though they half hoped to see some solution to England's troubles shaken out suddenly, like a flag, from one of the windows. Nothing so dramatic happened, either outside or inside the Houses. In the crowded Commons and Lords, there was the same atmosphere of nervous tension that used to mark crucial moments during the war. As Mr. Attlee, to one audience, and Lord Pakenham, to the other, droned out identical statements, the public in the visitors' galleries visibly began to relax into a state of flat depression. Next morning, the Government got a terrible press, which was echoed in grumblings all over England. Everybody was down on something—the Left on the extremely cautious reductions in Britain's crippling military expenditures, the Tories on the distressingly evident lack of Churchillian fire and inspiration in the Government's leadership, and people of every view on the numerous vague spots in Attlee's announcement.

Indeed, as a vital declaration of national policy by a party whose long suit is supposed to be planning, the speech was a weak effort. The Prime Minister's remarks on the possible necessity of imposing wartime controls on labor and his appeals to industry for longer working hours sounded more sheepish than stirring. The Government now finds itself in the distasteful position of being forced by circumstances to ask the workers to hand back a few inches of the territory they so painfully won. As compensation for this, it was promised that a powerful effort will be made to root out "spivs" from all classes. The term "spiv," which has suddenly become a part of the English vocabulary, is being as widely used in the current crisis as "collaborator" was by French Resistance leaders during the war. Its origins are cloudy, one of the more romantic claims being that it is an extremely old word, possibly of gypsy origin. When it first bobbed up in current colloquial speech, it was used to refer to a particularly vicious type of young East End Londoner who, though probably not a major criminal himself, picks up a living on the shady fringes of the criminal activities of others. Such spivs are easily spotted by their peculiar style of dressing, which is something like that of the French Zazous of just after the Liberation and is distinguished by very long, flashy coats, and hats worn at a distinctive angle. Recently, however, the word has taken on a new meaning and it is now used to describe anyone who does not pull his or her weight in the national emergency, who gets by with a certain

"To almost anywhere but Brobdingnag, Dean Swift..."



"WADI HALFA OR BANGKOK, Sir, Sourabaya, Kisumu, Takoradi . . . if it's places with outlandish names you're after, there are plenty we can fly you to! But to reach Brobdingnag or Lilliput, I'm afraid you'll have to go the same way you sent Gulliver—on a flight of your own fancy."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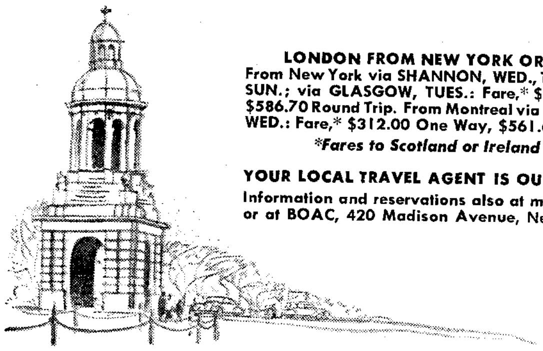

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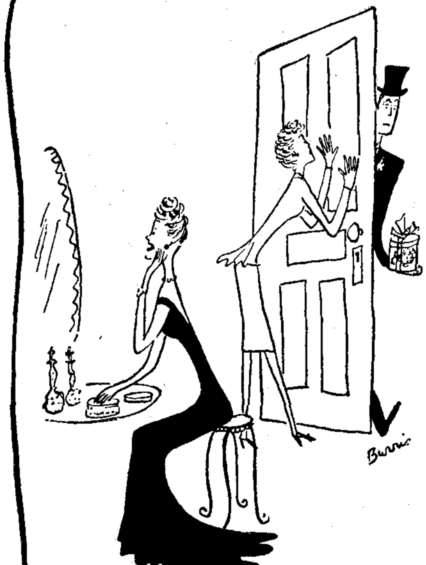
amount of more or less illegal shuffling of the various controls, and who is, in other words, a drone in the hive. In this sense, "spiv" has several times lately resounded, somewhat oddly, in the House of Commons.

THOUGH the Government's statement has not brought about the incontrovertible Day of Judgment for which the English were psychologically ready, and which the prophets insist must come if Britain is indeed to rise again, the future is bleak enough for the ordinary citizen. The announcement of a big cut in the importation of timber, with its certain effect on the housing program, was more of a shock than the news that the public must now go short on motoring, on Rita Hayworth, and on all foreign travel that cannot be managed on thirty-five pounds during a period of fourteen months. The miners and the agricultural workers, on whose labors the survival of Britain is now desperately dependent, will get first pick of the houses that do get built.

The Prime Minister did not reassure housewives with his assertion that rations would not be reduced at the moment, especially since he added that if such a reduction should become necessary, a form of preferential rationing would provide fuller stomachs for those who do heavy manual labor. This sort of oblique half statement, it is sadly felt, is too often an omen of the unpleasant accomplished fact. Restaurant keepers are equally apprehensive about the results of some imminent new restrictions on meals eaten out. Attlee did not specify what the regulations will be, but they will most likely take the form of coupons for restaurant and hotel meals, with workers' meals at canteens exempted. This would discriminate more harshly than ever against the salaried middle class and people who live on meagre fixed incomes, since they cannot afford the little extras that the prosperous can still buy, and will not qualify for the preferential treatment reserved for producers of the all-important export goods.

At the present, while this magnificent summer is tanning Londoners' faces and making them content to lunch off a lettuce leaf, food is not an urgent public preoccupation, but when autumn mornings begin to sharpen appetites, it will assuredly come to the foreground again. Possibly as a first lesson in ways of stocking empty pantries next winter, the Government is importing quantities of whale meat, which is now on sale in



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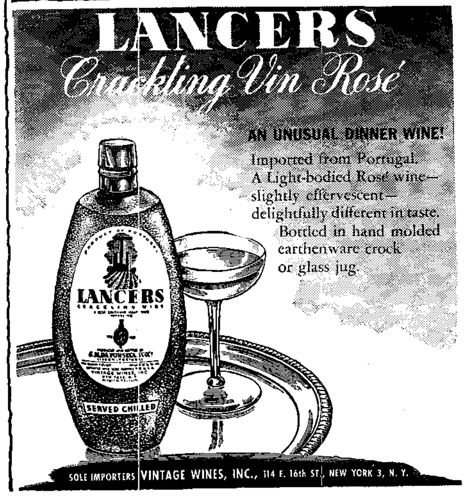

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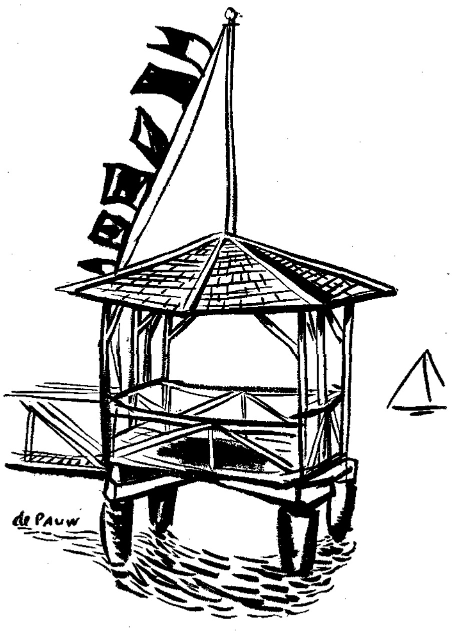
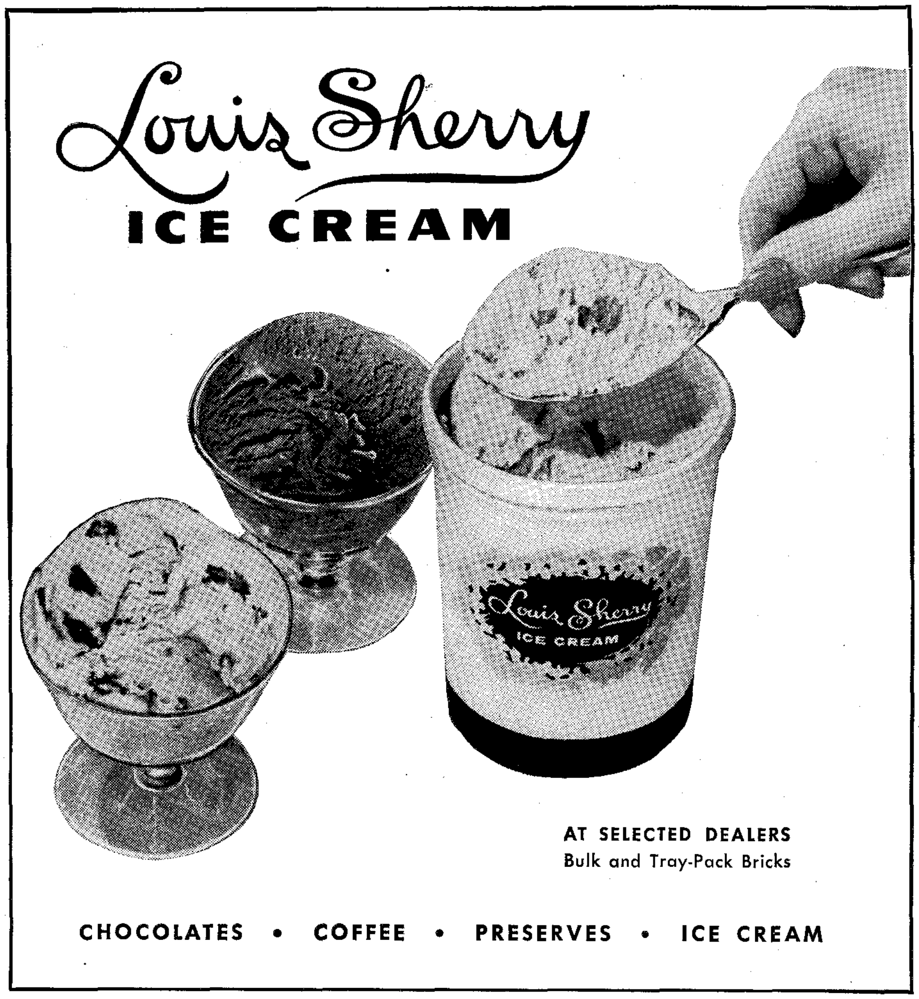
fishmongers' shops. It looks like wet red liver and is said to be the equal of tender beefsteak when fried with plenty of onions. It is already being bought eagerly. People say philosophically that it is certainly not the strangest tidbit they are likely to consume, knowingly or unknowingly, before they are back to the old days of English roast beef.

THERE is much bitter criticism of the Government going about, but it is difficult to get a truthful picture of the situation in London or in the South of England generally. From the disgruntled talk a newcomer might overhear in one day hereabouts, he might be led to believe that Attlee was due to resign tomorrow and that the Socialists were running into their final, disastrous storm. But the bulk of the Government's supporters are in other parts of the country, and if they are somewhat critical, they are also better off than they have ever been in their lives. They are making more money, even if there is not much to buy with it, and they have been promised a more abundant life all around. No amount of dirty weather is going to shift them from the belief that they are in the right boat. In the opinion of many who would be happy to feel different, this is a situation that fortifies the Government's obvious consciousness of its own strength. Nor is there any real alternative scheme. Even if the Opposition had a plan to offer the country, this is probably the last moment that it would choose to embark on it. The recent rumors of coalition between the parties have been denied by both sides with every appearance of revulsion. Maybe the healthiest thing about the

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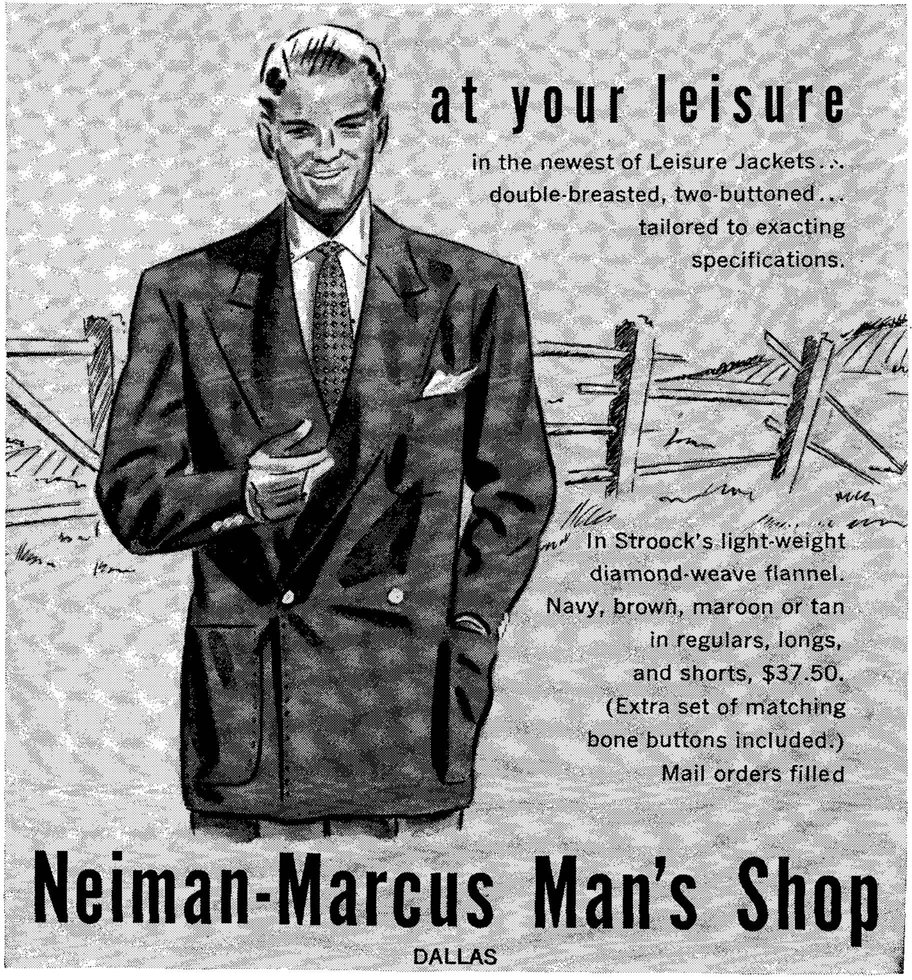
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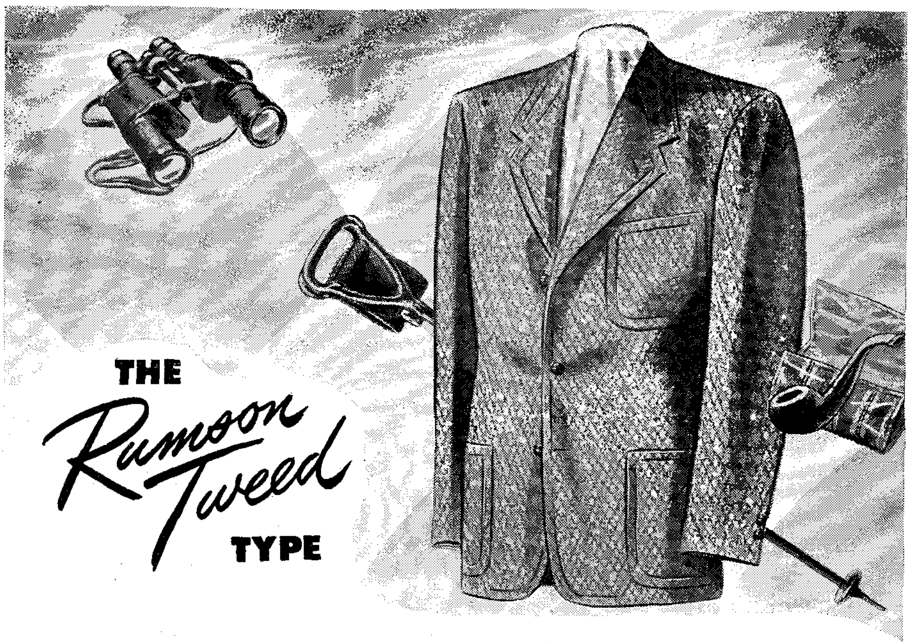

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grim present is the general reaction to the idea that if the worst comes to the worst, the United States is there to step in and avert a calamity. The reaction is a strongly antagonistic one. People seem to feel a certain relief in Britain's determination to stand on her own feet, however groggily, in the future.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

TO, POSSIBLY, A BASS

Here, on an Appalachian lake,
Mine ease and a rented rod I take,
And, casting with a clumsy swish,
I justify myself, and fish.
O Bass, I really shall not care,
Should you disdain my dangling snare.
Accept its promise or refuse—
It matters nothing which you choose.
Enough for me to float and sway
And watch the wavelets' languid play
And in the sun's candescence warm
The hills and hollows of my form.
But in this place, where all profess
The salubrity of idleness,
He feels convention's covert quirt
Who is unceasingly inert,
Who exorcises exercise
And simply sits or simply lies.
The golfers seem to think it queer,
The tennis players hide a sneer,
The walkers freeze me from their ken—
But should I say, "I fished," why, then
I join the brotherhood of men.
So, nibble, Bass, or nibble not.
The sun is, as I like it, hot,
A pleasant torpor soothes my frame,
Void is my mind, I have no aim.
Swallow the bait, or swerve and scram—
Believe me, I don't give a damn.

—ARTHUR KRAMER

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sun*]

Philadelphia, (A.P.).—Babe Ruth, baseball's one-time King of Swat, says the Ted Williams shift isn't new—"Connie Mack tried it on me once and it cost him a game."

Lou Boudreau, manager of the Cleveland Indians, devised the shift last year to halt the Boston Red Sox's slugging outfielder, who habitually hit to the right side of the field.

It wasn't uncommon, the Bambino recalled, for a manager in his day to shift his infield deep and far to the right whenever Ruth came up to bat.

"Well do I recall a game at the Yankee Stadium with the Philadelphia Athletics," said the Babe, who was here yesterday to attend the American Legion's Eastern Pennsylvania Junior All-Star game.

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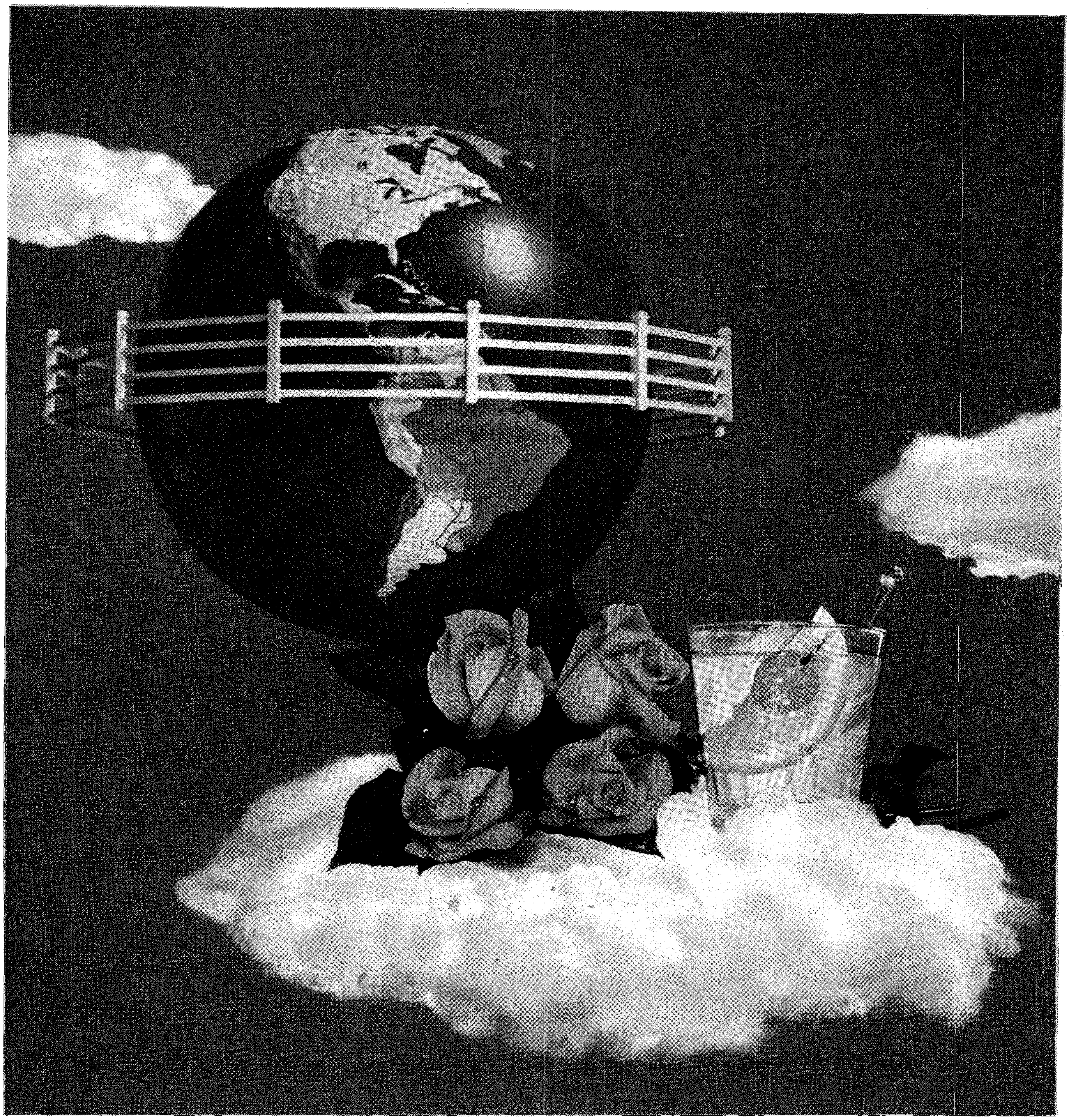

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THE RACE TRACK

Bradley's Best

AFTER Better Self's performance in the Saratoga Special last Saturday, I don't see how there can be any doubt that he's our outstanding two-year-old. Before the race, nobody was sure how well he would run in the heavy going. Of course, he had won the East View Stakes on a sloppy track at Belmont, but the experts reminded each other that mud comes in ever so many kinds and consistencies. Besides, Bimelech, Better Self's sire, never ran well except on a fast track, and he has transmitted that characteristic to most of his children. As a matter of fact, I don't think that Better Self really liked the footing Saturday. For more than half the race, he was lengths behind Relic and Star Bout; as he turned into the stretch, however, he put in his best licks and went around the leaders to win easily. A colt has to have something extra to do that. For my part, I prefer a runner who comes up from behind to one who leads all the way.

Rain or shine, the Special has always been a good show. This time, it was run on one of those gray, soggy Saratoga afternoons. For more than forty years, it was purely a sporting sweepstakes; the owners raced only for the money they had put up as fees, and the winner took the pot. This season, for the first time, the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses contributed an amount equal to the subscription fees, and the purse went up to a tidy $14,250. The Special was Better Self's fifth victory in as many starts, and if you're in search of a likely prospect for the Hopeful Stakes or the Futurity, I suggest that you look no further. Naturally, the question is whether Better Self can outrun Bewitch, who galloped off with first money in the Washington Park Futurity, at Chicago, last weekend. (Citation and Free America, two of her stablemates, finished second and third.) Bewitch, winner of eight stakes and $206,875, is a remarkable animal, but I'll pick Better Self, on the theory that a good colt invariably beats a good filly. At any rate, the King Ranch seems to have acquired in Better Self the best two-year-old in the stable of the late Ed Bradley, just as it got the best three-year-old, But Why Not. The Greentree Stable and Ogden Phipps, who you may remember split the Bradley collection with King Ranch, have not been so lucky.

One of the memorable performances in the rest of the racing at Saratoga last week was Inseparable's finish in the Sanford Stakes, on Wednesday. The Brookmeade Stable's colt started off so badly that it looked as if the ground had broken from under him—nothing worse can happen to a horse—but he kept going, and won by a head from Energetic and Faraway. Another good finish was the dead heat of Loyal Legion and Talon in the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, on Thursday. There were, of course, a few letdowns. Spats, a nice little filly but no Bewitch, ran out of the money Friday in the Spinaway (won by Bellesoeur) because the track was so hard, and the next day, after the rain, Phalanx finished second to Young Peter in the Travers Stakes because it was too soft and slippery. At least, those were the excuses one heard most frequently around the betting ring. Young Peter turned on a spectacular rush in the last quarter and made up about ten lengths from that point to the winning post. Perhaps he is better than most of us thought. Incidentally, he was foaled at R. L. Gerry's farm (Mrs. Gerry owns him), at Delhi, New York; he's the first racer bred in this state to win so important a fixture in a long time.

COLONEL MARTINGALE keeps hearing stories about the troubles of handbook men around town, although his interest in such matters is, as always, purely academic. The latest one is about a barber in Jamaica who decided to do some furtive bookmaking on the side. The first afternoon he was in action, a man placed a fifty-dollar bet with him on Mr. Pharned, an animal running at Saratoga, who, in case you haven't your charts handy, won, and paid fifty-one dollars in the two-dollar mutuels. The barber didn't have the money to pay off, and he went right out of business, both as a bookie and a barber, and hasn't been seen since. The Colonel thinks the moral is pointed enough to please even Police Commissioner Wallander. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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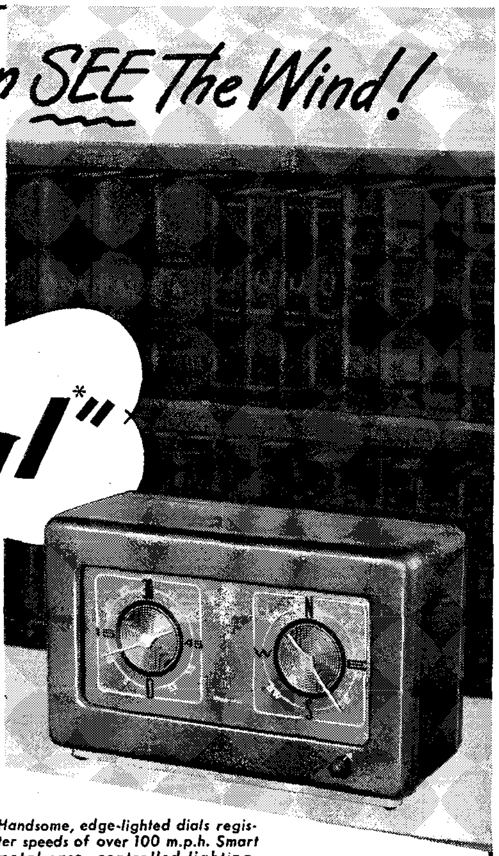

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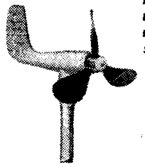

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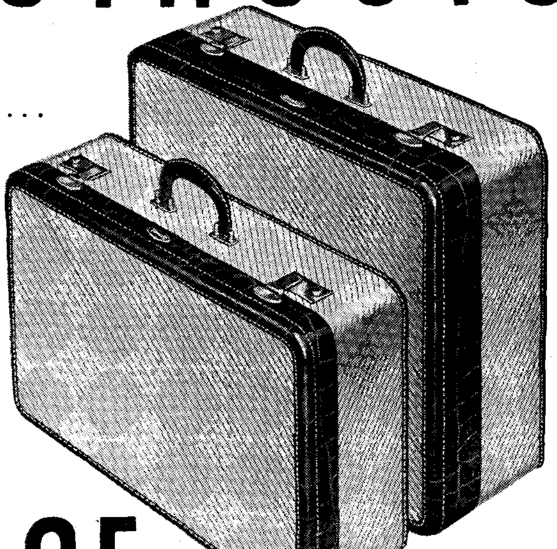

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OF ALL THINGS

THERE is general rejoicing over the birth of the self-governing Dominions of India and Pakistan. The world hopes that the young countries will stand on their own feet and not on each other's.

●

Some dispatches from London indicate that the Government is threatened more by dissident Labour Party members than by the Conservatives. If anything unfortunate happens to Mr. Attlee, it will probably be an inside job.

●

Attorney General Tom Clark is investigating complaints that there is a conspiracy to keep prices high. Some observers suspect that he'll come across a national association of malefactors.

●

The Democratic National Committee will soon pick a site for the Party's 1948 convention. Los Angeles is a likely choice, but it could be any other town except Kansas City.

●

The study of off-track betting in New York makes it clear that the bookmakers serve a real public need. Many people are too busy to go all the way to the race tracks to lose their worldly goods.

●

The movement to make the junior Senator from Maine a candidate for Vice-President on the G.O.P. ticket seems to have died out. Possibly the demand for Brewster is not as great as the supply.

●

New York advertising men are reported to be delighted by the response of the public to television commercials. Early returns indicate that the audience loves those simultaneous socks in the eye and the ear.

●

The Department of the Interior is preparing to give five acres of land along the Alaska Highway to any veteran who goes there in person to pick out his plot. This is a bargain offer, and Secretary Krug cannot accept mail or phone orders.

●

Word leaks through the Iron Curtain that patrons of the Laundry Trust in Moscow are complaining about slow service, poor pressing, and lost shirts. Americans can't understand how people can live in a country where such things happen.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

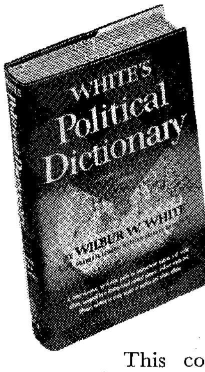
The Musical Glasses of Peacock

AN omnibus of Thomas Love Peacock, under the title "The Pleasures of Peacock," has been published by Farrar, Straus. It is a good thing to have these novels reprinted, and Mr. Ben Ray Redman, who has edited the volume, contributes a well-informed introduction that touches briefly on almost every side of Peacock. But this book has what seems to me the serious defect of being mainly a collection of excerpts. Only two novels are given complete: "Nightmare Abbey" and "Crotchet Castle." The other five appear merely in selections. Now, it is true that from one point of view Peacock lends himself easily to anthologizing: his plots are not usually important, and his narrative is a loose series of episodes. Yet each of his books as a whole shows the same delicate sense of form as each of the episodes and each of the sentences, and it is a pity to take them to pieces—especially since they are all so short that it was possible, in a thin-paper edition published some years ago, to include the complete novels in one pocket-size volume. It is also rather unfair, it seems to me, to shear off, as Mr. Redman has done, all the quotations that head Peacock's chapters, and to trim away a part of his learned notes. The main text can stand without them, but they do represent the soil out of which that text has grown and help to situate Peacock's mood in an early-nineteenth-century library where the Greek and Latin classics are mingled with Italian light comedies and the wild folk ballads of Wales. Surely anyone who can care for Peacock would prefer to have him intact.

"The Pleasures of Peacock," however, serves to remind us, in any case, of a very fine writer and offers a pretext for talking about him. We have already seen one revival of Peacock—during the twenties, when J. B. Priestley did a book about him and when Aldous Huxley gave him some vogue by deliberately imitating him. The element that Huxley exploited was the characteristic Peacock symposium: the conversation in a country house, with much passing of port and claret, among highly intellectual guests, each of whom appears as the exponent of some current tendency or doctrine reduced to its simplest terms and carried to its most absurd lengths. This is the critical side of Peacock, for which he is now perhaps most famous because Huxley has seized upon it, injected into it moral earnestness, and transposed it into a peevish tone. But it is by no means the whole of Peacock, as one can see by comparing him and Huxley. With the later as with the earlier writer, the opinions of the various philosophers more or less cancel one another out; but for Huxley this leads to bitterness and a demand for religious certainties, whereas in Peacock it leads to a final drink and a song in which everyone joins. And this fencing by Peacock's cranks with rigid contradictory ideas—excellent sometimes, of course, but not *always* remarkably clever—is hardly enough to have preserved him so long. What is it, then, that makes Peacock live? Why is it that Mr. Redman believes that we can still enjoy reading his novels?

ANOTHER critic, Mr. Ronald Mason, asked this question three years ago in the English review *Horizon*, and, after discounting almost every source of interest that one may expect to find in a novel, came to the conclusion that Peacock's strength lay mainly in his firmness as a nipper of extremes and in his admirable prose style. Both these merits Peacock certainly had. It was a godsend that in the early nineteenth century, with its seraphic utopianisms, its attitudinizing antisocial romanticisms, and its cannibalistic materialisms, one man who had the intelligence to understand and the aesthetic sensibility to appreciate the new movements and the new techniques that were going to people's heads should have been able to apply to their extravagances a kind of classical common sense; and Peacock's value, as Mr. Mason suggests, should by no means be less today, at a time when extreme ideas are being violently put into practice. As for his style: to the mature reader, whom mere sonority and movement and color do not intoxicate as they did in youth, it seems one of the best in English. Light, lucid, neat, and dry, it is as far from the prose of his own period, mossily clogged or grassily luxuriating, as from the showy upholstery of the later age. It redeems him from insipidity at the moments when he is running thinnest; it gives charm to his most telling jokes by slipping them in with a minimum of emphasis. "Nothing superfluous and nothing wanting" was the comment of India House on the papers that won Peacock his job there. If one compares him, particularly, with Thackeray, who admired him and who is sometimes praised for qualities similar to his, one is struck by the relative coarseness of the texture of the Victorian's writing, with its dilutions and its repetitions, and by the relative commonplaceness of his mind, with its worldly preoccupations and its embarrassing exhibitions of benevolence. When we come to Peacock from this, we are aware of his restraint and distinction, of the spareness and sureness of the line which he uses for his drawings in prose.

This brings us to an aspect of Peacock which Mr. Mason leaves out of account. The fact that Peacock's *imagination* is not vigorous, varied, or rich has, I believe, rather kept people from realizing how exquisite his effects sometimes are. It is usual to treat him as a satirist whose power is more or less weakened by his scoring off both sides of every question; but the truth is that Peacock is an artist the aim of whose art is to achieve not merely a weaving of ideas but also an atmosphere—an aroma, a flavor, a harmony. You get closer to what Peacock is trying to do by ap-



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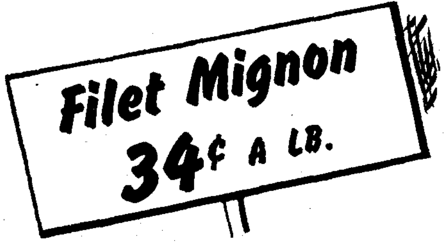

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proaching him through his admiration for Mozart—"There is," he wrote, "nothing perfect in this world except Mozart's music"—than by assimilating him to Lucian or Voltaire. His books are more like light operas than novels (it was quite natural that "Maid Marian" should have been made into one) and the elements of fantasy with which they play—the civilized orangutan of "Melincourt" who is chivalrous with the ladies, the seven lovely maidens of "Gryll Grange" who keep house for the young man in the tower—as well as the landscapes of mountain streams, the drives and rides in the New Forest, the boating and skating parties, are as important as the conversations. It all makes a delicious music, at the same time sober and gay, in which the words fall like notes from a flute, like progressions on an old-fashioned pianoforte, lighted by slim white candles. In "Gryll Grange," when we come to the snowstorm, we almost have the illusion that these pale and sifted words of Peacock's are dropping on the page like snowflakes and that they melt away as we read. Even the openings of Peacock's unfinished novels—so sure is his touch on the keyboard to convey us at once to his realm—may be enjoyed as little works in themselves, like the "preludes" of Debussy and Chopin.

It seems to me, too, that the nonchalance of Peacock in dealing with political and moral systems has been given a wrong meaning by his critics—for he is always, in some way, on the *human* side, and he shared the generous ideas of the romantic and utopian generation to an extent that his conservative admirers are sometimes reluctant to recognize. I have a suspicion that the relative indifference of the typical Peacockian to "Melincourt" may be partly due to the fact that the hero of this early novel gives expression to such ideas with an eloquence which can almost be called glowing and which suggests real conviction on Peacock's part. The book does go on a little too long, for Peacock has not yet quite found his form; but it surely is one of his very best—with its gentleman anthropoid, its beautiful bluestocking oread, its forthright and very funny satire on rotten-borough politics and the publishing business, and its admirable discussion, at the end, under the title "The Hopes of the World," of the future of civilization. Mr. Redman could not have remembered "Melincourt" when he wrote in his introduction in such a way as to give the impression that Peacock's friendship with Shelley is only to be explained on the ground

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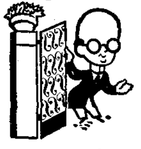

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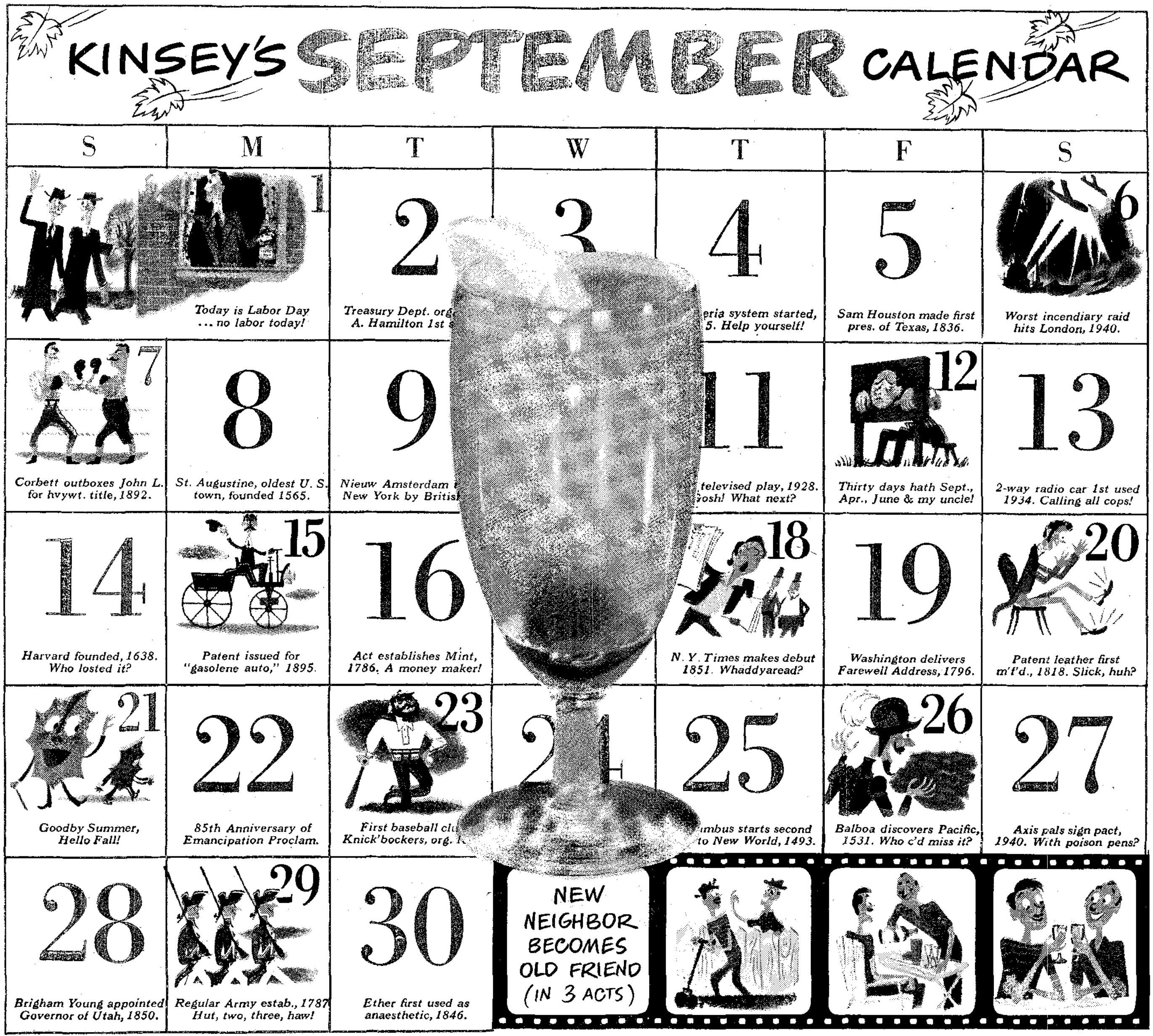

KINSEY'S SEPTEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1 Today is Labor Day ... no labor today!	2 Treasury Dept. org A. Hamilton 1st	3	4 eria system started, 5. Help yourself!	5 Sam Houston made first pres. of Texas, 1836.	6 Worst incendiary raid hits London, 1940.
7 Corbett outboxes John L. for hvywt. title, 1892.	8 St. Augustine, oldest U. S. town, founded 1565.	9 Nieuw Amsterdam New York by Britis		11 televised play, 1928. Gosh! What next?	12 Thirty days hath Sept., Apr., June & my uncle!	13 2-way radio car 1st used 1934. Calling all cops!
14 Harvard founded, 1638. Who losted it?	15 Patent issued for "gasolene auto," 1895.	16 Act establishes Mint, 1786. A money maker!		18 N. Y. Times makes debut 1851. Whaddyaread?	19 Washington delivers Farewell Address, 1796.	20 Patent leather first m'f'd., 1818. Slick, huh?
21 Goodby Summer, Hello Fall!	22 85th Anniversary of Emancipation Proclam.	23 First baseball cl Knick'bockers, org.	24	25 mbus starts second to New World, 1493.	26 Balboa discovers Pacific, 1531. Who c'd miss it?	27 Axis pals sign pact, 1940. With poison pens?
28 Brigham Young appointed Governor of Utah, 1850.	29 Regular Army estab., 1787 Hut, two, three, haw!	30 Ether first used as anaesthetic, 1846.	NEW NEIGHBOR BECOMES OLD FRIEND (IN 3 ACTS)			

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of the attraction of opposites. The creator of the Rousseauist Mr. Forester—though quite aware of Shelley's self-delusions—had no difficulty in sympathizing with his yearnings toward a happier and freer society. You get also in "Melincourt" one of the most lively and attractive versions of Peacock's ideal young woman—always a strongly positive element in his stories. These girls of his—frank, independent, brave, intelligent, and rather intellectual—stand somewhere between the heroines of Shelley and the heroines of Jane Austen. I find them a great deal more attractive, as well as a great deal more convincing, than the women of Victorian fiction. That these could not have appealed strongly to Peacock may be concluded from the unfinished "Cotswold Chace," in which he is careful to explain that his heroine "wears no crinoline, and, if I might venture to divine, no stays." It is obvious that Peacock's young girls—witty, athletic, and fresh—are the mothers of the anti-Victorian goddesses of his son-in-law George Meredith's novels.

The later Peacock was less interested in reformers, less "progressive" and less optimistic. But it is true, as Mr. Redman reminds us, that he had already in the sixties lived long enough to see a great many reforms accomplished but life rendered rather less agreeable than it had been in the early years of the century, and to foresee the mechanical developments—prophesied in "Gryll Grange"—which were to increase men's productive powers and at the same time to reduce them to bondage. When he had retired from his job at India House, he took his family to live in the country, where he spent most of his time with his books—though he liked to go to visit Lord Broughton, who, as John Hobhouse, had been Byron's friend and who could give Peacock the good entertainment and the free-ranging conversation that he had always liked to imagine. Thackeray met Peacock once in 1850 and called him "a white-headed jolly old worldling;" but he was never really a Thackeray character. He was not worldly in Thackeray's sense. The world he loved was the world of his library—to which he fled when, at the age of eighty, he was warned that the house was on fire, declaring, when they tried to get him out: "By the immortal gods, I will not move!" He was upset when his favorite daughter, who had been educated, on the model of his heroines, both in literature and in outdoor sports and who is said to have been both brilliant and beautiful, married the young George Meredith. Meredith wore a beard, which Peacock could not abide; and, though the young man admired his father-in-law and was influenced in his own work by Peacock's, his ardors, energetic and uneasy, annoyed the old man and made him nervous. It was quite a different thing from Shelley.

Nor did Meredith and his bride get on. They were both sharp-tongued and self-willed, and they had very little money to live on. They tormented one another unbearably. Mary Meredith, at the end of nine years, ran away to Capri with another man, but soon came back to die in England. Peacock, then seventy-nine, did not go to her funeral, but he composed for her an epitaph in Latin and Greek, which was never inscribed on her grave. Meredith published soon after, as a commentary on his tragic marriage, the great sequence of sonnets called "Modern Love," full of self-probings and passionate frustrations of a kind that must have been inconceivable to Peacock; and when one looks back on this mid-century Peacock from the point of view of "Modern Love," one seems to see an old man in a bottle, whose unshakable poise and calm depend on his not coming out.

For when we look back on Peacock from Meredith's time instead of seeing him in the dawn of the century, he makes on us a cooler impression. Peacock's father was a dealer in glassware, and there is sometimes a glint of glassware in the clear, sound, and smooth work of Peacock. The editors of the Halliford Edition of Peacock have included in his last novel, "Gryll Grange," a peculiarly appropriate frontispiece which shows a spun-glass bust of Homer that Peacock had hung in his library. It makes us reflect that the classics in Peacock's hands do a little take on the aspect of having deftly been spun into glass; and his own work may look to us at moments like a fine antique sideboard display, with rows of graceful flower-calyxed goblets all ready for the very best wine—which you will have to buy from somebody else: somebody like Meredith or Shelley. In the meantime, however, Peacock can elicit from them

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a very pretty music by delicately moistening the rims and playing on them with the tips of his fingers.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

VESPERS IN VIENNA, by Bruce Marshall (Houghton Mifflin). A fragile but altogether charming little story that is at the same time a sermon on the world's sickness and how it might be cured. A contemplative, intelligent colonel of the British Military Government is billeted with his staff in a Viennese convent, where he strikes up a highly diverting and instructive friendship with the Mother Superior. Mr. Marshall has no trouble in combining wit with moral sincerity, and his presentation of the absurdities of British brass, along with the differing philosophies of the Austrian nun and the British officer, is full of a civilized but gentle irony. You don't have to swallow the author's soothing thesis that patience and understanding are all that are needed to stop the disintegration of the world to enjoy this gentle, pleasing book.

MORNING LIGHT, by H. M. Tomlinson (Macmillan). This is ostensibly the story of an English boy who in the middle years of the last century runs away and becomes a sailor. It develops, however, that much more is involved than the adventures of a seafaring lad; there are rumblings of the great industrial revolution that was shaking England at the time, along with repercussions of the then recently enacted Reform Bill and, above all, the desperate struggle of the sailing-ship owners against the encroachments of steam. It is these hasty excursions into the serious aspects of English life in the eighteen-hundreds, perceptive though they are, that give an unfortunate disunity to the novel. If, however, you want to get the feel of a sailing vessel and don't mind frequent shifts in a narrative too slightly constructed to stand the strain, or if you care about establishing contact with a cultivated mind, Mr. Tomlinson may be your man.

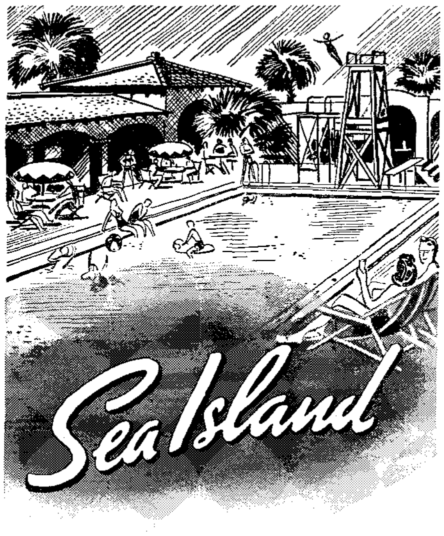
DIRTY EDDIE, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking). This satire of life among the movie producers, writers, and actors gets off to a cheerful start that displays Mr. Bemelmans' usual eccentric spark, but long before the end it settles down into just another kidding-Hollywood exercise, of the sort that by now has grown unhumorous. This is not to say that there are not flashes of the author's antic imagination and humor in the story, which deals with a nice, sensible actress, a couple of very dissimilar writers, a producer, and a black pig. It is a sort of backhanded compliment to Mr. Bemelmans to point out that, for his regular customers, flashes simply aren't enough.

THE NEIGHBORS, by Virginia Sorensen (Reynal & Hitchcock). An honest, straightforward novel about a thoughtful, rather weak man who at a crisis in his life throws up his schoolteaching job and takes his enormous family to a small Colorado ranch to raise sheep. The violent hostility of a neighbor nearly wrecks a love affair between a son and daughter of the two families, and in the end precipitates a climactic tragedy. An engaging, human story, in which Mrs. Sorensen uses her head as well as her heart and is able to give a good account of herself in the process.

VESSEL OF WRATH, by Simon Gantillon, translated by Haakon M. Chevalier (Putnam). A Breton sea captain with an almost psychopathic love for his beautiful schooner inspires in a half-breed Central American girl a grand passion that is neither sought nor requited. The girl stows away on the ship at the beginning of a long voyage, corrupts the crew, and in her jealousy of the captain's devotion to the schooner attempts to destroy her rival. She finally throws herself overboard, and later the vessel, too, mysteriously disappears—nobody ever learns how. Nothing to tax the brain or, except for one description of a storm at sea, to arouse much interest, either. This harmless trifle, however, will make you realize how much time has passed since M. Gantillon's "Maya" seemed so provocative to Parisian intellectuals of the twenties.

INFERNAL MACHINE, by A. Fleming MacLiesh and Robert de San Marzano (Houghton Mifflin). The authors have obviously had themselves so much fun composing this satire on wartime Washington bureaucracy that one would like to find something really hearty to say about it. Regrettably, though, the humor is not very original slapstick, and the slight narrative, for all the bright sophistication of Messrs. MacLiesh and San Marzano, occasionally grows sadly maudlin. The decorations by Steinberg, on the other hand, are fine.

PETER ABELARD, by Helen Waddell,



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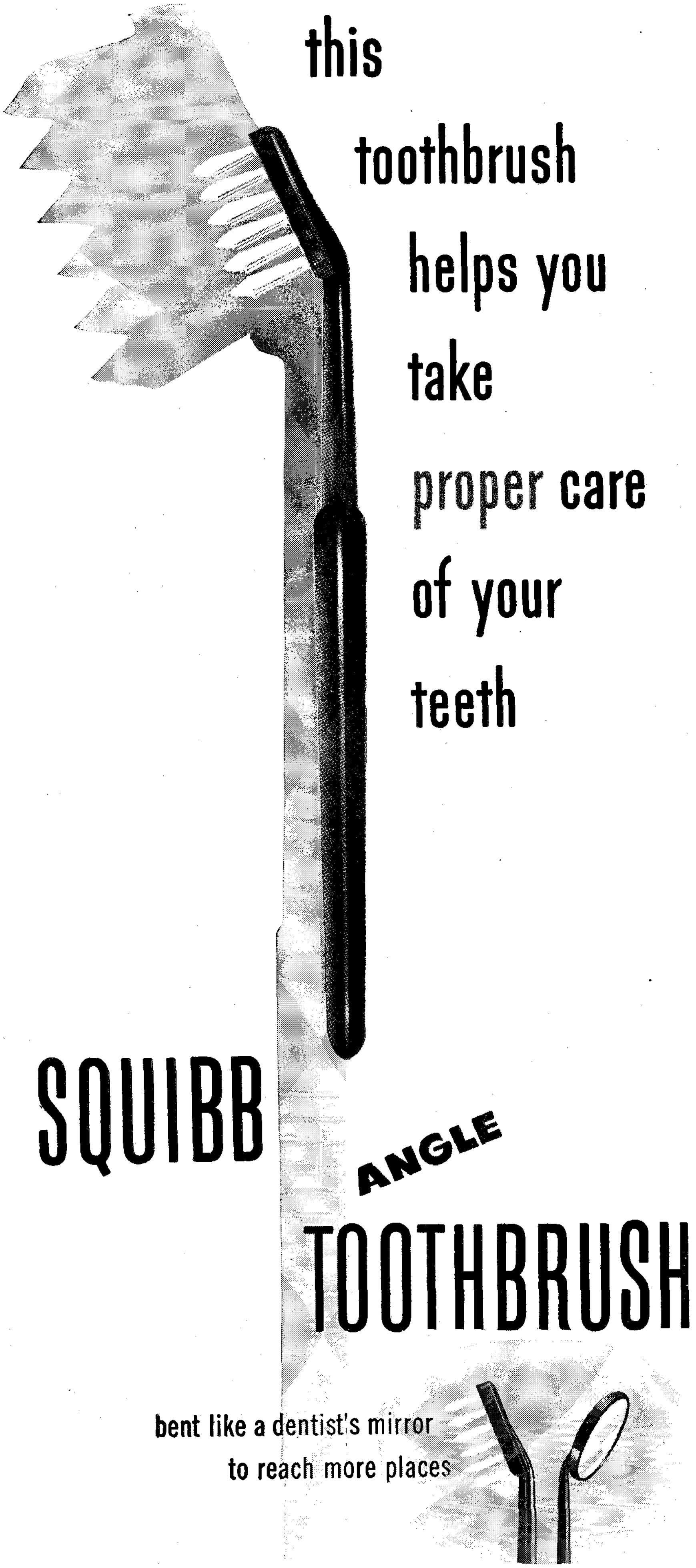
with drawings by Laszlo Matulay (Holt). A reissue of Miss Waddell's distinguished novelized version of the romance of Abelard and Heloise, which has been out of print for some years.

GENERAL

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S AMERICA, by Walter Johnson (Holt). In this biography, the author has tried to picture White as the average middle-class American, but the project fails, chiefly because White, a talented, vain, ebullient, and cannily ambitious man, was not average, no matter how hard he worked to give that impression. (Mr. Johnson, to support his thesis, notes admiringly that White was always extremely careful "to take no action that would be so far ahead of the main current of thought that it might alienate his ever-increasing following.") As a straight biography, however, the book is of high quality, well written and interlaced with anecdotes, and there is a particularly interesting section dealing with the last decade of White's life—the Roosevelt years—which was only skimmed over in White's autobiography, and during which he must have suffered many uncomfortable moments as the price of his loyalty to the G.O.P. (There was, for instance, the unhappy time when he reluctantly supported Landon for the Presidency.) Toward the end, another significant chapter discusses White's activities as head of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, which demonstrates the difficulties encountered by a middle-of-the-road liberal when beset by the fanatical forces of ideological politics.

AMERICA IN OUR TIME, by D. L. Dumond (Holt). Our time, in this case, means the years between the McKinley and the Truman administrations—a fairly sizable chunk of history to put into one book. Professor Dumond has done an admirable job of selecting and condensing his material without making his work just a bone yard of facts, and he skimps only on the cultural history of the country during the period. It might have been better to have left that part out entirely.

POLISH JEWS, by Roman Vishniac (Schocken Books). An album of photographs, taken a year before the war in Europe, of Orthodox Jews living, working, going to school, and worshipping in the ghettos of Poland, Ruthenia, and Lithuania. The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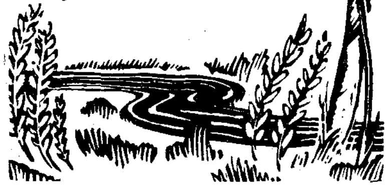

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book is a pitiful record of a people and of a centuries-old way of life now irrevocably gone. The photographs are beautiful; they are unposed and many of them are reminiscent of the paintings by the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century.

WHEN THE FISH ARE RISING, by Clint Fleming (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A diverting collection of accounts of fishing in the Rideau Lakes country of Ontario. The book is particularly entertaining because of its emphasis on the idiosyncrasies of fishermen rather than on descriptions of their catches. The author is a veteran guide, who somewhere has picked up a pleasing knack for narrative.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLUE CITY, by Kenneth Millar (Knopf). Young John Weather comes back from the war to find that his father, the mayor of his home town, has been murdered and that a most unsavory bunch is running the city. Among the matters requiring Weather's attention are assault, adultery, battery, blackmail, conspiracy, murder, manslaughter, perjury, prostitution, and the carrying of concealed weapons, but the young man keeps his chin up and manages to straighten things out. Very, very tough, and a little silly, too.

•

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT (THINGS WILL GRADUALLY GET STRAIGHTENED AROUND DIVISION)

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

HOLLYWOOD, July 22 (AP).—Harold Peary, comedian known to radio fans as the Great Gildersleeve, and his wife, the former Gloria Holliday, radio actress, have announced that their son, Page, was born, prematurely, March 9. They also announced they were married secretly at Tijuana, Mexico, July 8, 1946, and were married again June 24, 1947, at Yerington, Nev., after Mr. Peary's divorce from his first wife, Betty, became final June 20.

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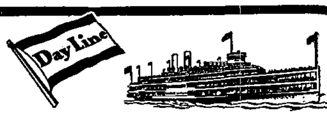

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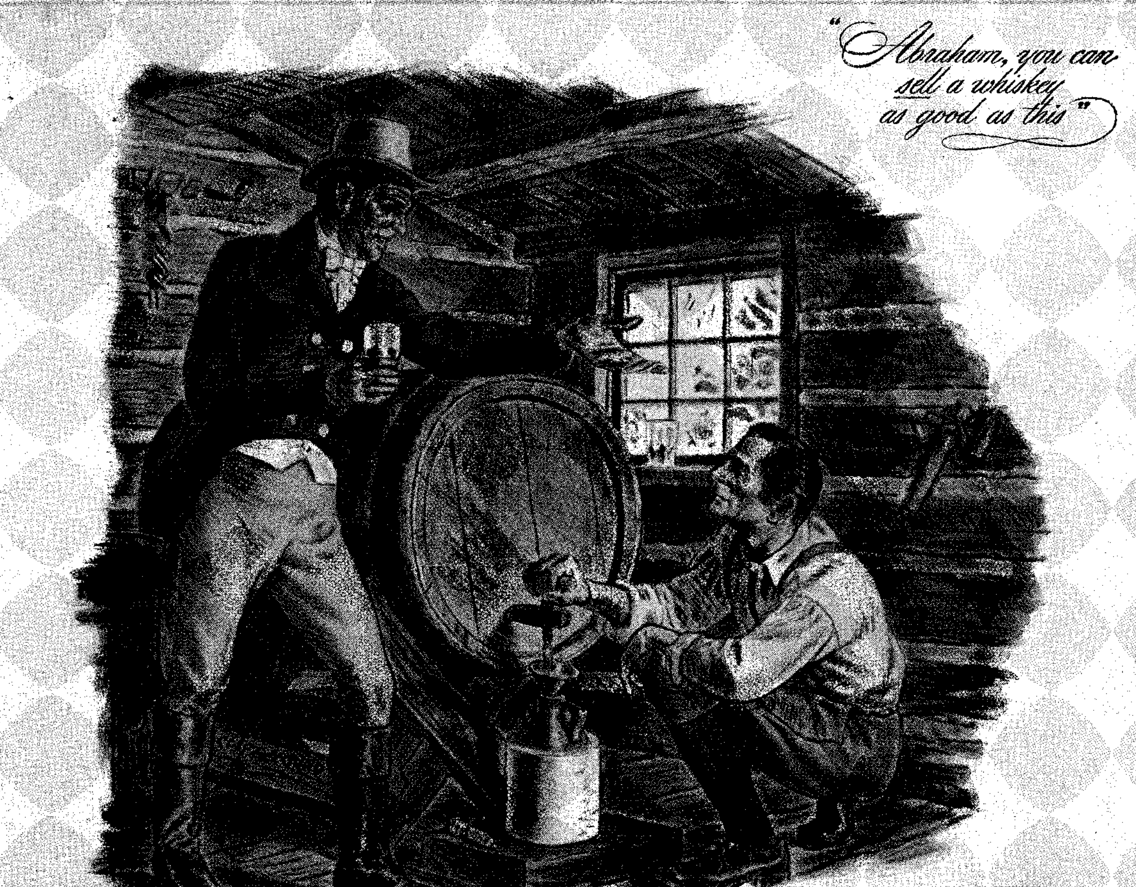
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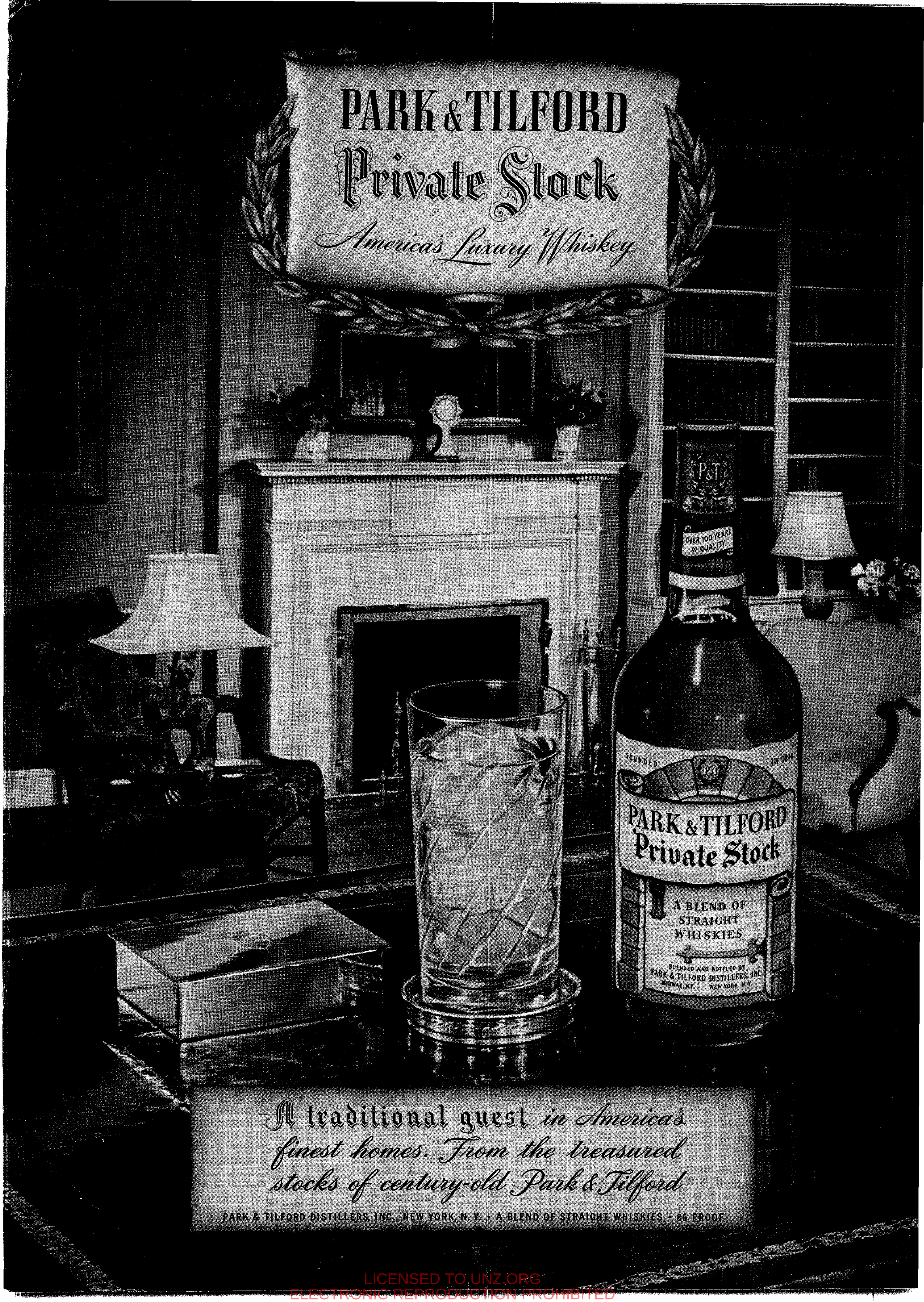
BOTTLED IN BOND

Up to 1810, Abraham Overholt had regularly distilled only enough whiskey to supply the family and regale a few of the neighbors. It was the neighbors' keen appreciation of its rich, grainy and robust taste—their honest praise of its inviting amber color—that led him to produce and sell Old Overholt on a commercial basis. And today Old Overholt is still made on the site of that little log cabin distillery along the Youghiogheny. From the beginning Old Overholt was a success—and has continued for 137 years to delight generations of palates to whom "the good taste that always stands out" adds up to a superlatively fine straight rye whiskey.

Old Overholt
ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

Straight Rye Whiskey—Bottled in Bond—100 Proof—National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y.

BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
4/5 QUART
100 PROOF
REG IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.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Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. MIDWAY, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.
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